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# William Shakespeare

# As you Like It

*AIRMONT SHAKESPEARE CLASSICS SERIES*

# As You Like It

*By*

## William Shakespeare

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# PREFACE

For the Airmont series of plays by William Shakespeare, we have chosen a text that we believe more nearly preserves the flavor of the old Shakespearean English than do those of more modernized versions.

In a popular-priced paperback edition, it is almost impossible to include a complete compilation of notes because of the limitations of the format. We suggest that the reader refer to the following excellent textbooks for additional material: The New Valiorum (Cambridge and Arden editions); the Globe edition edited by W. G. Clark and W. A. Wright (1866); the Oxford edition edited by W. J. Craig (1891); and the editions by G. L. Kittredge (1936). Also, the following books will be helpful to a better understanding of Shakespeare: Harley Granville-Barker, *Prefaces to Shakespeare, First Series* (London, 1933); Gerald Sanders, A *Shakespeare Primer* (New York and Toronto, 1945); J. Dover Wilson, *The Essential Shakespeare* (London, 1930; New York, 1932).

Dr. David G. Pitt received his B.A. degree from Mt. Allison University in New Brunswick, and his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Toronto. Since 1949, he has been in the English Department of Memorial University of Newfoundland and Professor of English there since 1962. His publications include articles on literary and educational subjects, and editorial work on Shakespeare.

# GENERAL INTRODUCTION

## *William Shakespeare: His Life, Times, and Theatre*

### *HIS LIFE*

The world's greatest poet and playwright, often called the greatest Englishman, was born in Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, in the year 1564. The exact date of his birth is uncertain, but an entry in the *Stratford Parish Register* gives his baptismal date as April 26. Since children were usually baptized two or three days after birth, it is reasonable to assume that he was born on or about April 23—an appropriate day, being the feast of St. George, the patron saint of England.

His father, John Shakespeare, was a glover and dealer in wool and farm products, who had moved to Stratford from Snitterfield, four miles distant, some time before 1552. During his early years in Stratford his business prospered, enabling him to acquire substantial property, including several houses, and to take his place among the more considerable citizens of the town. In 1557 he married Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, a wealthy landowner of Wilmcote, not far from Stratford. Two daughters were born to them before William's birth —Joan, baptized in 1558, and Margaret, baptized in 1562— but both died in infancy. William was thus their third child, though the eldest of those who survived infancy. After him were born Gilbert (1566), another Joan (1569), Anne (1571), Richard (1574), and Edmund (1580).

Very little is positively known (though much is conjectured) about Shakespeare's boyhood and education. We know that for some years after William's birth his father's rise in Stratford society and municipal affairs continued. Many local offices came to him in rapid succession: ale-taster, burgess (a kind of constable), assessor of fines, chamberlain (town treasurer), high bailiff (a kind of magistrate), alderman (town councilor), and chief alderman in 1571. As the son of

a man of such eminence in Stratford, Shakespeare undoubtedly attended the local Grammar School. This he was entitled to do free of charge, his father being a town councilor. No records of the school are extant, so that we do not know how good a pupil he was nor what subjects he studied. It is probable that he covered the usual Elizabethan curriculum: an "A B C book," the catechism in Latin and English, Latin grammar, the translation of Latin authors, and perhaps some Greek grammar and translation as well. But family circumstances appear to have curtailed his formal education before it was complete, for shortly before William reached his fourteenth birthday his father's rising fortunes abruptly passed their zenith.

Although we do not know all the facts, it is apparent that about the year 1578, having gone heavily into debt, John Shakespeare lost two large farms inherited by his wife from her father. Thereafter, he was involved in a series of lawsuits, and lost his post on the Stratford town council. Matters got steadily worse for him, until finally in 1586 he was declared a bankrupt. But by this time the future poet-dramatist was already a family man himself.

In 1582, in the midst of his father's legal and financial crises —and perhaps because of them—Shakespeare married Anne, daughter of Richard Hathaway (recently deceased) of the village of Shottery near Stratford. The *Episcopal Register* for the Diocese of Worcester contains their marriage record, dated November 28, 1582; he was then in his eighteenth year and his wife in her twenty-sixth. On May 26 of the following year the *Stratford Parish Register* recorded the baptism of their first child, Susanna; and on February 2, 1585, the baptism of a twin son and daughter named Hamnet and Judith.

These facts are all that are known of Shakespeare's early life. How he supported his family, whether he took up some trade or profession, how long he continued to live in Stratford, we do not know for certain. Tradition and conjecture have bestowed on him many interim occupations between his marriage and his appearance in London in the early fifteen-nineties: printer, dyer, traveling-player, butcher, soldier, apothecary, thief—it reads like a children's augury-rhyme (when buttons or cherry-stones are read to learn one's fate). Perhaps only the last-named "pursuit" requires some explanation. According to several accounts, one of them appearing in

the first *Life* of Shakespeare by Nicholas Rowe (1709), Shakespeare fell into bad company some time after his marriage, and on several occasions stole deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, a substantial gentleman of Charlecote, near Stratford. According to Rowe:

> For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him . . . and was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

The story has been repeated in varying forms by most subsequent biographers, but its authenticity is doubted by many who repeat it.

Another much more attractive story, which, however, if true, does not necessarily deny the authenticity of Rowe's, is that Shakespeare during the so-called "lost years" was a schoolmaster. This, indeed, appears to be somewhat better substantiated. John Aubrey, seventeenth-century biographer and antiquary, in his *Brief Lives* (1681) declares that he had learned from a theatrical manager, whose father had known Shakespeare, that the dramatist "had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." This may, then, account, in part at least, for the years between his marriage and his arrival in London about the year 1591. It is interesting to note that in two of his early plays Shakespeare includes a schoolmaster among his characters: Holofernes of *Love's Labour's Lost* and Pinch of *The Comedy of Errors*. But let us hope that neither is intended to be Shakespeare's portrait of himself!

However he may have occupied himself in the interim, we know that by 1592 he was already a budding actor and playwright in London. In that year Robert Greene in his autobiographical pamphlet *A Groatsworth of Wit*, referring to the young actors and menders of old plays who were, it seemed to him, gaining undeserved glory from the labours of their betters (both by acting their plays and by rewriting them), wrote as follows:

> Yes trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute

> *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrey.

"Shakescene" is clearly Shakespeare. The phrase "upstart Crow" probably refers to his country origins and his lack of university education. "Beautified with our feathers" probably means that he uses the older playwrights' words for his own aggrandisement either in plays in which he acts or in those he writes himself. "Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde" is a parody of a line in III *Henry VI*, one of the earliest plays ascribed to Shakespeare. And the Latin phrase *Johannes factotum*, meaning Jack-of-all-trades, suggests that he was at this time engaged in all sorts of theatrical jobs: actor, poet, playwright, and perhaps manager as well.

Greene died shortly after making this scurrilous attack on the young upstart from Stratford, and so escaped the resentment of those he had insulted. But Henry Chettle, himself a minor dramatist, who had prepared Greene's manuscript for the printer, in his *Kind-Harts Dreame* (1592), apologized to Shakespeare for his share in the offence.

> I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than he excelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoves his Art.

Thus, in a very indirect manner and because of an attack upon him by an irascible dying man, we learn that Shakespeare at this time was in fact held in high regard by "divers of worship," that is, by many of high birth, as an upright, honest young man of pleasant manners and manifest skill as an actor, poet, and playwright.

Although Shakespeare by 1593 had written, or written parts of, some five or six plays (I, II, and III *Henry VI*, *Richard III*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and perhaps *Titus Andronicus*), it was as a non-dramatic poet that he first appeared in print. *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, long narrative poems, both bearing Shakespeare's name, were published in 1593 and 1594 respectively. But thereafter for the next twenty years he wrote almost nothing but drama. In his early period, 1591 to 1596, in addition to the plays named above he wrote *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Two Gentlemen of*

*Verona*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Richard II*, and *King John*. Then followed his great middle period, 1596 to 1600, during which he wrote both comedies and history-plays: *The Merchant of Venice*, I and II *Henry IV*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Henry V*, *Julius Caesar*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. The period of his great tragedies and the so-called "dark comedies" followed (1600-1608): *Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Coriolanus*. The last phase of his career as dramatist, 1608 to 1613, sometimes called "the period of the romances," produced *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, parts of *Henry VIII*, and perhaps parts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Many other plays were ascribed to him, but it is doubtful that he had a hand in any but those we have named. Long before his death in 1616 his name held such magic for the public that merely to print it on the title page of any play assured its popular acclaim. The "upstart Crow" had come a long way since 1592.

He had come a long way too from the economic straits that may well have driven him to London many years before. We know, for example, from the records of tax assessments that by 1596 Shakespeare was already fairly well-to-do. This is further borne out by his purchasing in the following year a substantial house known as New Place and an acre of land in Stratford for £60, a sizable sum in those days. In 1602 he made a further purchase of 107 acres at Stratford for £320, and a cottage and more land behind his estate at New Place. But his life during this time was not quite unclouded. His only son, Hamnet, died in 1596 at the age of eleven years, his father in 1601, and his mother in 1608. All three were buried in Stratford. More happily he saw, in 1607, the marriage of his daughter Susanna to Dr. John Hall, an eminent physician of Stratford, and, in the following year, the baptism of his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall.

Shakespeare's retirement to Stratford appears to have been gradual, but by 1613, if not earlier, he seems to have settled there, though he still went up to London occasionally. Of the last months of his life we know little. We do know that in February, 1616, his second daughter, Judith, married Thomas Quiney. We know that on March 25, apparently already ill,

Shakespeare revised and signed his will, among other bequests leaving to his wife his "second best bed with the furniture." A month later he was dead, dying on his fifty-second birthday, April 23, 1616. He was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, on April 26.

## *HIS TIMES*

Shakespeare lived during the English Renaissance, that age of transition that links the Mediaeval and the Modern world. Inheriting the rich traditions of the Middle Ages in art, learning, religion, and politics, rediscovering the great legacies of classical culture, the men of the Renaissance went on to new and magnificent achievements in every phase of human endeavour. No other period in history saw such varied and prolific development and expansion. And the reign of Elizabeth I (1558-1603), Shakespeare's age, was the High Renaissance in England.

Development and expansion—these are the watchwords of the age, and they apply to every aspect of life, thought, and activity. The universe grew in immensity as men gradually abandoned the old Ptolemaic view of a finite, earth-centered universe, accepting the enormous intellectual challenge of the illimitable cosmos of Copernicus's theory and Galileo's telescope. The earth enlarged, too, as more of its surface was discovered and charted by explorers following the lead of Columbus, Cabot, Magellan, and Vespucci. England itself expanded as explorers and colonizers, such as Frobisher, Davis, Gilbert, Raleigh, Grenville, Drake, and others, carried the English flag into many distant lands and seas; as English trade and commerce expanded with the opening of new markets and new sources of supply; as English sea power grew to protect the trading routes and fend off rivals, particularly Spain, the defeat of whose Invincible Armada in 1588 greatly advanced English national pride at home, and power and prestige abroad.

The world of ideas changed and expanded, too. The rediscovery and reinterpretation of the classics, with their broad and humane view of life, gave a new direction and impetus to secular education. During the Middle Ages theology had dominated education, but now the language, literature, and philosophy of the ancient world, the practical arts of gram-

mar, logic, and rhetoric, and training in morals, manners, and gymnastics assumed the major roles in both school and university—in other words, an education that fitted one for life in the world here and now replaced one that looked rather to the life hereafter. Not that the spiritual culture of man was neglected. Indeed, it took on a new significance, for as life in this world acquired new meaning and value, religion assumed new functions, and new vitality to perform them, as the bond between the Creator and a new kind of creation.

It was, of course, the old creation—man and nature—but it was undergoing great changes. Some of these we have already seen, but the greatest was in man's conception of himself and his place in nature. The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world, which was also "fallen," as of little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man, nature, and the things of this life. Without denying man's need for Grace and the value of the means of salvation provided by the Church, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods," values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now, and that God had given them for man to enjoy. Man himself was seen no longer as wholly vile and depraved, incapable even of desiring goodness, but rather as Shakespeare saw him in *Hamlet*:

> What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

And this is the conception of man that permeates Elizabethan thought and literature. It does not mean that man is incorruptible, immune to moral weakness and folly. Shakespeare has his villains, cowards, and fools. But man is none of these by nature; they are distortions of the true form of man. Nature framed him for greatness, endowed him with vast capacities for knowledge, achievement, and delight, and with aspirations that may take him to the stars. "O brave new world, That has such people in 't!"

The chief object of man's aspiring mind is now the natural

world, whose "wondrous architecture," says Marlowe's Tamburlaine, our souls strive ceasely to comprehend, "Still climbing after knowledge infinite." Hamlet, too, speaks of "this goodly frame, the earth . . . this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire." No longer the ruins of a fallen paradise and the devil's, nature is seen as man's to possess, her beauty and wonder to be sought after and enjoyed, her energies to be controlled and used—as Bacon expressed it, "for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

It was, indeed, a very stirring time to be alive in. New vistas were breaking upon the human mind and imagination everywhere. It was a time like spring, when promise, opportunity, challenge and growth appeared where none had been dreamed of before. Perhaps this is why there is so much poetry of springtime in the age of Shakespeare.

## *HIS THEATRE*

There were many theatres, or playhouses, in Shakespeare's London. The first was built in 1576 by James Burbage and was called the *Theatre*. It was built like an arena, with a movable platform at one end, and had no seats in the pit, but had benches in the galleries that surrounded it. It was built of wood, and cost about £200. Other famous playhouses of Shakespeare's time, for the most part similarly constructed, included the Curtain, the Bull, the Rose, the Swan, the Fortune, and, most famous of them all, the Globe. It was built in 1599 by the sons of James Burbage, and it was here that most of Shakespeare's plays were performed. Since more is known about the Globe than most of the others, I shall use it as the basis of the brief account that follows of the Elizabethan playhouse.

As its name suggests the Globe was a circular structure (the second Globe, built in 1614 after the first burned down, was octagonal), and was open to the sky, somewhat like a modern football or baseball stadium, though much smaller. It had three tiers of galleries surrounding the central "yard" or pit, and a narrow roof over the top gallery. But most interesting from our viewpoint was the stage—or rather *stages*—which was very different from that of most modern theatres. These have the familiar "picture-frame" stage: a raised platform at

one end of the auditorium, framed by curtains and footlights, and viewed only from the front like a picture. Shakespeare's stage was very different.

The main stage, or *apron* as it was called, jutted well out into the pit, and did not extend all the way across from side to side. There was an area on either side for patrons to sit or stand in, so that actors performing on the apron could be viewed from three sides instead of one. In addition there was an inner stage, a narrow rectangular recess let into the wall behind the main stage. When not in use it could be closed by a curtain drawn across in front; when open it could be used for interior scenes, arbor scenes, tomb and anteroom scenes and the like. On either side of this inner stage were doors through which the main stage was entered. Besides the inner and outer stages there were no fewer than four other areas where the action of the play, or parts of it, might be performed. Immediately above the inner stage, and corresponding to it in size and shape, was another room with its front exposed. This was the upper stage, and was used for upstairs scenes, or for storage when not otherwise in use. In front of this was a narrow railed gallery, which could be used for balcony scenes, or ones requiring the walls of a castle or the ramparts of a fortress. On either side of it and on the same level was a window-stage, so-called because it consisted of a small balcony enclosed by windows that opened on hinges. This permitted actors to stand inside and speak from the open windows to others on the main stage below. In all it was a very versatile multiple stage and gave the dramatist and producer much more freedom in staging than most modern theatres afford. It is interesting to note that some of the new theatres today have revived certain of the features of the Elizabethan stage.

Very little in the way of scenery and backdrops was used. The dramatist's words and the imagination of the audience supplied the lack of scenery. No special lighting effects were possible since plays were performed in the daylight that streamed in through the unroofed top of the three-tiered enclosure that was the playhouse. Usually a few standard stage props were on hand: trestles and boards to form a table, benches and chairs, flagons, an altar, artificial trees, weapons, a man's severed head, and a few other items. Costumes were usually elaborate and gorgeous, though no attempt was made

to reproduce the dress of the time and place portrayed in the play.

Play production in Shakespeare's time was clearly very different from that of ours, but we need have no doubts about the audience's response to what they saw and heard on stage. They came, they saw, and the dramatist conquered, for they kept coming back for more and more. And despite the opposition that the theatre encountered from Puritans and others, who thought it the instrument of Satan, the theatre in Shakespeare's time flourished as one of the supreme glories of a glorious age.

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# INTRODUCTION TO
# *As You Like It*

## FROM NOVEL TO PLAY

*As You Like It* was probably written in 1599 or 1600, but the source that Shakespeare drew on for its story had been before the public for a decade. In 1590, Thomas Lodge, a minor English poet, playwright, and novelist, had published a novel, a pastoral romance called *Rosalynde* (its full title is much longer than this). Being a pastoral romance meant that it contained such ingredients, popular with readers of the time, as a story of love and danger with a happy ending and having little relation to real life (making it a romance), a rural setting and atmosphere, and shepherds who live happily in primitive surroundings (making it a pastoral). Though Shakespeare had not used such materials before, reading Lodge's book he saw its possibilities for dramatic recreation. But a play is a very different thing from a novel, and Shakespeare had to make some changes. Perhaps no better introduction to the play, its distinctive qualities, its characters, and meaning, can be given than a study, even of a general kind, of what Shakespeare did with Lodge's novel.

The changes he has made are of two basic kinds: those dictated by the exigencies of changing a story meant to be read into one meant to be acted on stage, of giving it the proper speed of movement, the necessary climaxes and tensions, the effective grouping of characters, and so on; and those dictated by a different attitude from Lodge's toward pastoral romance, its typical characters, and its implicit view of life.

In the first place, Shakespeare has had to tighten up the plot and speed up the pace. This he has done in a number of ways: by reducing the time of the action from Lodge's months to slightly more than a week; by omitting a number of minor episodes, such as the death of Orlando's father, a tournament before the wrestling match, and the abduction of Celia by robbers; and by omitting long and wordy speeches and "meditations" by the chief characters. By making these changes, he has been able both to accelerate greatly the movement of the

story, which in Lodge is slow and ambling, and to focus attention sharply upon the primary incidents and characters without the distraction of matters that do not further the plot.

In the second place, he has changed the whole feeling of the story. In Lodge it has the air of pure romance and fairy tale, unreal, remote, and devoid of any genuine human emotions, its characters little more than talking puppets. In Shakespeare, though the world of Arden is still far from the world of everyday life, the sense prevails that we are witnessing real people, who experience real passions, in a world that may really exist. In particular, Shakespeare has avoided the artificial "lofty" style that Lodge used, especially in the mouths of his characters. Lodge was following the current so-called *euphuistic* vogue in prose style. Shakespeare, instead, has made his characters speak the ordinary language of his time, imaginatively recreated, of course, as poetry where needed, but often couched in the ordinary idioms of colloquial prose. Shakespeare has, however, retained some of the elements of fairy tale and romance, but this he has done for a different reason from Lodge's, as we shall see.

In the third place, Shakespeare has added some new characters, chief of whom are the following: Jaques, the melancholy courtier-turned-philosopher; Touchstone, "the roynish clown," who also turns philosopher in the forest; Audrey, the unlovely country wench with whom Touchstone falls in love; William, a "country fellow," and Audrey's ertswhile suitor; and Corin, a shepherd, but no gilded one from Lodge's pages. These are entirely Shakespeare's own inventions, and they add to his story new dimensions of realism and humor. Indeed, they provide new sources of imaginative energy that help to spark the dramatic potentialities of the other characters in the play. It is very true that Shakespeare in his recreation of Lodge's characters has given them greater depth and distinctiveness of personality than Lodge had done, but they are still close to the familiar types of traditional romance and fairy tale. This latter statement is truer of his male than of his female characters. Orlando (called Rosader in Lodge) is still the handsome, valiant hero, who slays the giant, overcomes the obstacles in his way, and wins the hand of the fair heroine; Duke Frederick and Oliver (Torismond and Saladyne in Lodge) are the ever-present wicked tyrants who oppress their long-suffering and noble-minded victims, but whose evil is in the end overcome by good; Charles, the wrestler (in Lodge a

nameless Norman champion who "looked like Hercules"), is the typical giant or ogre of fairy tale; and old Adam (surnamed Spencer and an Englishman in Lodge) is the traditional "old and trusty" family retainer, who loyally stands by the hero in his time of need. They are all familiar enough types, though Shakespeare has given them new dimensions in his play. Rosalind and Celia (Rosalynde and Alinda in Lodge) are also "fair ladies of romance," but the changes he has wrought in portraying them are much more fundamental and of greater consequence to the play, as we shall see. The addition of the new characters to the traditional cast provides, however, not only an element of contrast and hence of variety, which is the spice of drama as of life, but also, as it were, the cathode to Lodge's anode, the contact of which with one another produces some marvelous dramatic results. Nor is this their whole function, as we shall presently observe.

In all of this, his primary purpose was, of course, to give those members of his audience who liked such things a delightful romantic comedy. And so the play is replete with all the familiar fairy-tale ingredients: valiant hero and charming heroine, heartless villains and innocent victims, love at first sight, beauty in danger, disguise that leads to mistaken identity, sundered lovers at last reunited, evil at length overcome by goodness, happy endings to unhappy beginnings, and all woven together to make a plot that moves with ease, wandering briefly from time to time into delightful byways, building up to crises that resolve into laughter, the whole being set either amid the romantic scenes of courtly life or the greenwood trees of an Arcadian forest. All this the play provides for those who like it (and who does not?), and if they like it and wish to see here nothing more, this is all they need to see.

## SOMETHING MORE THAN "MERE ROMANCE"

*As You Like It* does, however, have something more than this, which you may take or leave—as you like it. For the changes already mentioned, which Shakespeare made in transmuting a novel into a play, are accompanied by, indeed help to create, a further change of even greater significance. This is a general shift in emphasis and point of view: from a complete acceptance of the world of romance and its values to a more objective and detached appreciation of both its charms and its absurdities; a shift, we may say, from a committed

romanticism to at least a partial skepticism of its claims. This fact must, I think, be recognized; otherwise we miss something of Shakespeare's purpose and meaning in this play.

Take, for example, his conception of the central character, Rosalind. She is charming and beautiful enough for any romance; she falls in love at first sight and is constant in her passion; she faints at the sight of blood and she lives (we feel certain) happily ever after. But she is not quite the stock romantic heroine. For her, love is a consuming passion, but it is also a kind of "sport." "Let me see," she says to Celia, "what think you of falling in love?"—as a sport, that is! Of course there is irony here, because soon the sport will be for her a very serious business indeed. But even then she can still make it a sport, as she does when, disguised as Ganymede, she has her love-sick swain, Orlando, at her not always tender mercy. True, he has "overthrown" her with his enemy, the wrestler, but this fact does not greatly inhibit the sport she can make of love and of her lover. "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love," is her worldly wise judgment on the tales of martyrs for Love's sake. And when Orlando leaves her, though she admits her profound passion for him, she can still call Cupid "that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out . . ." Here, surely, is love compounded with more than romantic fervor and softness.

Look, too, for Shakespeare's variation on the love-smitten heroine of romance in the masterful young "man" that Rosalind makes in her man's attire. This, indeed, is taken from Lodge, but Shakespeare has added just those touches that make his heroine too true to life to be true to romance: for example, her sharp encounters of wit with Touchstone; her curt business negotiations with the shepherd for the purchase of a cottage; her half-satiric, half-sentimental comments on Orlando's passionate love-elegies; her first delightful encounter with Orlando in the forest when she tells him that love is after all merely a madness, and much more in this vein; her slightly ribald observations on Celia's and Oliver's haste to be married. Clearly this Rosalind is more than a fairy-tale princess. And in these added touches to her portrait we have, in part at least, Shakespeare's amused comment on the pale heroine of popular romance. In Celia, too, much the same

can be shown to be true. Indeed, at times she almost outdoes Rosalind in the wryness of her comment on the whims and woes of lovers.

Besides these modifications in his two heroines, which come close at times to parodying the classic type, Shakespeare also adds a whole new love episode that is pure parody of the popular conception of romantic love. This is, of course, Touchstone's wooing and winning of the far-from-courtly country girl, Audrey. Parody it is indeed: Touchstone, the "roynish clown," the jester at court turned philosopher in the forest, to whom "the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry"; Touchstone in his motley garb, his mouth full of fantastical images and apophthegms of outlandish wit and wisdom, wooing Audrey the goat-girl, foul but no slut, though to whom "sluttishness may come hereafter," who knows nothing of poetry and little of love, "a poor virgin," and "ill-favoured"—each in his way "damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side"—but matched, if not as well as Orlando to Rosalind, then surely as well, in Hymen's words, "As the winter to foul weather." (My own notion is that Touchstone and Audrey are perhaps after all the sanest people in the whole play.)

## THE COUNTRY VERSUS THE COURT

Shakespeare's whimsical comments on the romantic view of love are closely related to those on the romantic view of life, especially as the pastoral implied it. *As You Like It* is, of course, a pastoral play, drawing on a literary tradition that stems from the long-cherished and deep-rooted myth of a golden age in an earlier time, when life was simple, easy, carefree, virtuous, and idyllically happy. It has been suggested by some of its readers that Shakespeare has so far succumbed to the spell of the old dream of a golden world, and its sentimental and romantic view of life, that in this play he has set out to contrast the "artificial" life of the court and urban society with the "natural" life of the country to the great disadvantage of the former. But has he really? Is Shakespeare really on the side of the simple, primitive life of Arden and against the more complex, sophisticated, and civilized life of the city and court? The play has, indeed, much to say about the free, easygoing, sentimental world and life of Arden, where those who have suffered "man's ingratitude" now "fleet

the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." Here, certainly, the golden world of Arden would seem to be contrasted with the brazen world of the court. But again and again Arden is referred to as a "desert"; again and again, even while praising the life of Arden, the exiles manifest a nostalgic yearning for the old life, and at the end they are glad to go back to it again.

Shakespeare is actually, I think, trying to stand back and look objectively at both worlds, each "romantic" in its own way. And this is further reason for introducing characters from the real world and sharply contrasting them with those from the fairy world of romance whether of the court or of the country. In Jaques, for example, we have a courtier, but a very unromantic one, who sees with dark and at times cynical eyes the life of both the court and the country, with all their false values, their shams, and disguises. In Touchstone we have a similarly detached observer: though he comes from the court, he is not a courtier. He sees the same things as Jaques sees, but unlike him, he sees them with the eyes of wit and comedy. They are opposites, each in his own way an exaggeration, each extreme in his comment upon life. But they balance each other, and between them give us a true view, because they see beyond appearance to reality, beyond romance to things as they really are.

Shakespeare's realistic rustics serve a similar purpose. All women are not fair and dainty, but they are women just the same and capable of love and of being loved. So, Audrey, ill-favored, her hands rough, her fingers chapped, her speech and manners unrefined, is perhaps, after all, closer to the "eternal womanly" than either Rosalind or Phebe. So, Corin (who is not at all Lodge's romantic Corydon), a real shepherd with the shepherd's practical, common-sense view of things, "a natural philosopher," as Touchstone calls him, may be raw, but he will never be duped by a woman as his romantic cousin, Silvius, is. Touchstone is, of course, being ironic when he tells him that because he has never been at court he is "damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side." They both know that manners are, after all, a kind of gilding, just as the romantic conception of both courtier and rustic is. Strip off the gilding from a Silvius and you get a Corin, from a Phebe (or even a Rosalind) and you get an Audrey, from a courtier and you are likely to get a Jaques or a Touchstone.

Shakespeare saw the beau ideal of both the court and the

pastoral world of Arden as unreal and imaginary, as fanciful extremes. Neither is real. Yet all his characters, except Jaques, Corin, Touchstone, and Audrey, accept them as such. Strike off Jaques for his jaundiced view, Corin and Audrey for their "ill-roasted" one-sidedness, and we are left with Touchstone as our primary clue to Shakespeare's intention. Perhaps this is the significance of his name: he is a touchstone to reality and truth; by him, we test and measure the supposed wisdom of the "wise" and the supposed folly of the "foolish," and see that neither is quite what he is assumed to be. But Shakespeare does not force his point, and we may, if we prefer, see in the play nothing but the delightful, lyrical comedy that it is. In other words, we are entirely free to take it *as we like it*.

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# STUDY QUESTIONS

## *ACT I*

1. The first act of a play is usually called the *exposition*. Its function is to inform us of what we need to know in order to understand and appreciate what is to follow, to introduce some of the characters, to establish the mood and atmosphere of the play, and get the action off to a good start. Discuss the first act of this play as exposition.
2. Most of the first act is in prose. Note the points at which Shakespeare changes to verse and try to give reasons for the changes.
3. All of Act I takes place out of the Forest of Arden. How is the transition to the Forest prepared for in this act? Is the preparation dramatically effective? Explain.
4. Several references to "Fortune" appear in this act. Find them all and try to decide whether they constitute a coherent theme. What significance has the idea for the play as a whole?
5. What are our initial impressions of each of Orlando, Rosalind, Celia, Touchstone?
6. In what ways are Oliver and Duke Frederick alike, and in what ways are they different?
7. What reasons does Duke Frederick give for banishing Rosalind? Do they seem convincing? If not, what do you think his real reason is?
8. What chief dramatic purposes are served by having Orlando wrestle with Charles? How is the incident prepared for and built up into a source of dramatic tension? How does it introduce the love theme?

## *ACT II*

1. Duke Senior in his opening speech in Scene i praises the life that he and his fellow exiles lead in the Forest. List the merits of this life as the Duke describes them. Do you think he is really sincere in seeming to prefer this to his old life? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Jaques is introduced to us through a description of him by the First Lord. What exactly are we told about him? Why

do you think Shakespeare introduces him this way? Is it an effective introduction? Why?

3. What is the main dramatic purpose served by Scene ii? How does it lead up to Scene iii?
4. What dramatic or other purposes are served by having old Adam go along with Orlando to the Forest?
5. How are the shepherds Corin and Silvius contrasted in Scene iv? What is the purpose of this contrast?
6. What is the point of Touchstone's speech in Scene iv beginning, "And I mine. I remember, when I was in love . . ."?
7. What primary purpose is served by the songs in Scene v? What light do they throw on the two singers?
8. From Scene vi what would you gather to be Orlando's initial response to life in the Forest?
9. From what you have seen and heard of Jaques to the end of Scene vii, briefly analyze his character, illustrating from his own speeches.
10. What reasons are advanced for the melancholy of Jaques?
11. Examine the poetical passages in Scene vii, and comment on both their lyrical and dramatic qualities.
12. What is the significance, in the context of this play, of Jaques' famous speech beginning, "All the world's a stage . . ."?

## *ACT III*

1. Summarize in essay form the conversation between Touchstone and Corin in Scene ii. What bearing has this on the meaning of the play as a whole? (You might consult the Introduction for hints on this.)
2. How is Rosalind's attitude toward Orlando revealed in her conversation with Celia in Scene ii?
3. What do you think is the main dramatic purpose (a) of the conversation between Jaques and Orlando in Scene ii? (b) of Rosalind's overhearing it?
4. How does the conversation of Rosalind (disguised as Ganymede) with Orlando in Scene ii (a) add interest and humor to the play? (b) reflect shakespeare's modification of the traditional treatment of love in the romance?
5. What dramatic purpose is served by the love episode between Audrey and Touchstone? What primarily would be lost by its omission?

6. What is the point of the comments interjected by Jaques in the first half of Scene iii?
7. What is the main dramatic purpose of Scene iv?
8. What dramatic value has Phebe's falling in love with Ganymede (Rosalind)?
9. What further light does this act shed on the characters of Rosalind, Celia, Jaques, Touchstone, and Orlando?
10. Would you say that the crucial turning point of the play occurs in this act? If so, where? If not, then where in the play?

## ACT IV

1. Rosalind's speeches addressed to Orlando in Scene i are full of expressions of double meaning, one meaning understood by Orlando as Ganymede's pretended feelings, the other understood by Rosalind as expressive of her own true feelings. Find examples of these double meanings, and comment on their dramatic value.
2. At the beginning of Scene iii Rosalind makes sport of Silvius by pretending that the contents of the letter he has brought from Phebe is other than it is. What dramatic value has this episode at this point in the play?
3. Some readers think that the change in Oliver, from what he was in the earlier scenes to what he has become in Scene iii of this act, is too complete, sudden, and unprepared-for to be credible. Do you agree? Defend your answer.
4. How does the introduction of the story of Orlando's unselfish heroism and of his injury help to advance the plot toward its happy conclusion?
5. Justify on dramatic grounds Shakespeare's having Rosalind faint when she learns of Orlando's injury.
6. How does Scene iii prepare the way for Celia's falling in love with Oliver?

## ACT V

1. What do you think is the main purpose for including Scene i though it does not advance the main action?
2. Why do you think most of Scene ii is in prose?
3. In what different ways does Scene ii prepare us for the denouemént of the play in Scene iv? (*Denouemént* means

the final unraveling of the complications of the plot, the ultimate outcome of it all.)

4. How does Scene iii, including the song, provide an effective link between Scene ii and Scene iv?
5. Discuss briefly the contribution made to the denouemént of the play in Scene iv by each of Jaques, Touchstone, and Jaques de Boys.
6. What is Touchstone comically satirizing in his exchange with Jaques beginning, "Upon a lie seven times removed"?
7. What justification is there for Shakespeare's introducing late in the play a supernatural being, Hymen, god of marriage?
8. Thomas Lodge in *Rosalynde*, the novel on which Shakespeare based this play, has Duke Frederick killed unrepentant. Do you think Shakespeare's solution is preferable to Lodge's? Is Duke Frederick's conversion entirely credible? Discuss both answers.
9. Write a brief critique of Shakespeare's handling of the denouemént of *As You Like It*.
10. What purpose if any is served by the Epilogue?

## *General Questions*

1. Discuss *As You Like It* as popular entertainment, paying particular attention to the methods used by the dramatist to arouse and maintain the interest of the audience.
2. Try to decide on what principle or principles Shakespeare alternates between prose and verse in this play.
3. In changing Lodge's novel *Rosalynde* into a play Shakespeare has retained some of the elements of fairy tale and romance, and added realistic elements from life. Make lists of each of these two diverse ingredients in the play, and discuss Shakespeare's technique in combining them.
4. "The theme of *As You Like It* may be said to be 'How love may operate in human society to reconcile its discordant elements.'" Do you agree that this is at least one of its themes, if not perhaps its only one? Discuss.
5. "What makes *As You Like It* so delightful is its lyricism." Discuss.
6. If you were directing a production of this play, what special direction would you give the actor or actress playing the following parts: Rosalind, Orlando, Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, (a) on the manner of uttering the lines?

(b) on the use of gesture? (c) on any other feature of the performance?

7. Write brief character analyses of each of the following: Oliver, Duke Senior, Corin, Phebe, Celia, Amiens. Illustrate from the play.
8. In what ways are the following pairs foils to each other: Rosalind and Celia, Orlando and Oliver, Touchstone and Jaques, Audrey and Phebe.
9. Write an essay on one or more of the following in *As You Like It*:

(a) The Theme of Fortune (b) Sources of Humor
(c) Irony (d) The Use of Song
(e) The Use of the Poetic to Reinforce the Dramatic

10. Identify each of the following by speaker and occasion, state its meaning, and its bearing, if any, on the dramatic action, and indicate what light it may shed on the character of the speaker:

(a) Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banisht.

(b) Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

(c) Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

(d) Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.

(e) 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

(f) I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

(g) So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

# AS YOU LIKE IT

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE, *living in banishment.*
FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*
AMIENS, } *lords attending on the banisht Duke.*
JAQUES, }
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending on Frederick.*
CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } *servants to Oliver.*
DENIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*
CORIN, } *shepherds.*
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey. A person representing* HYMEN.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banisht Duke.*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a country wench.*

LORDS, PAGES, *and* ATTENDANTS, &c.

SCENE—*Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

# As You Like It

## ACT 1

# ACT I

THE PLAY opens with Orlando, son of the dead Sir Rowland de Boys, lamenting the treatment he has received from his eldest brother, Oliver, who has been charged by their father with the responsibility of Orlando's education. But instead of being sent to school, he has been kept "rustically at home." Oliver enters and a quarrel breaks out between them. Orlando leaves, and in the conversation that follows between Oliver and Charles, a wrestler, we learn that a French duke, whose name is not given, has been banished from his dukedom by his brother Frederick, and is now living like Robin Hood with some faithful followers in the Forest of Arden. Rosalind, daughter of the banished Duke, is living with her cousin Celia, Duke Frederick's daughter, at the ducal court. We learn next that Orlando is to wrestle with Charles on the following day, and Oliver urges him to treat Orlando as cruelly as he can. The match takes place at the Duke's palace in the presence of him and his train, Rosalind, Celia, and the court jester, Touchstone. Orlando is victorious, but Frederick, learning that he is the son of an old enemy, dismisses him with hostile words. The two ladies, however, find him most attractive, and he, for his part, is quite smitten with Rosalind. Shortly thereafter Frederick determines to banish Rosalind, too, and Celia elects to accompany her to the Forest of Arden. For safety's sake, Rosalind disguises herself as a man, and the two set out, taking Touchstone with them.

# ACT I. SCENE I.

*Orchard of* OLIVER'S *house.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ORLANDO.

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me by will but poor a thousand crowns,[1] and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed[2] me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jacques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit:[3] for my part, he keeps me rustically[4] at home, or, to speak more properly, stays[5] me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage,[6] and to that end riders dearly[7] hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance[8] seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds,[9] bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in

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[1] **but poor a thousand crowns:** only a mere thousand crowns. [2] **breed:** rear: educate. [3] **profit:** proficiency. [4] **rustically:** like a rustic; ignorantly. [5] **stays:** detains. [6] **manage:** training. [7] **dearly:** expensively. [8] **his countenance:** his behaviour; his treatment of me. [9] **hinds:** farm hands; menials.

him lies, mines[1] my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

ADAM.

Younder comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO.

Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.[2]

*Enter* OLIVER.

OLIVER.

Now, sir! what make you here? [3]

ORLANDO.

Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

OLIVER.

What mar you then, sir?

ORLANDO.

Marry,[4] sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLIVER.

Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.[5]

ORLANDO.

Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal's portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?

OLIVER.

Know you where you are, sir?

ORLANDO.

O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

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[1] **mines:** undermines; seeks to destroy.
[2] **shake me up:** abuse me.
[3] **what make you here:** what are you doing here.
[4] **Marry:** by the Virgin Mary.
[5] **be naught awhile:** a petty malediction, meaning "A plague on you!" "Efface yourself," etc.

OLIVER.

Know you before whom, sir?

ORLANDO.

Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me.[1] The courtesy of nations[2] allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLIVER.

What, boy!

ORLANDO.

Come, come, elder brother, you are too young[3] in this.

OLIVER.

Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO.

I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.[4]

ADAM.

Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLIVER.

Let me go, I say.

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[1] **in the gentle condition of blood, you/should so know me:** you should treat me as your brother and equal in breeding. [2] **courtesy of nations, etc.:** as the eldest son, you are acknowledged among civilized nations to be my superior. [3] **young:** inexperienced. [4] **rail'd on thyself:** by saying that your father could have a villain for a son, you have accused yourself of being a villain.

ORLANDO.

I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises[1] as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery[2] my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.[3]

OLIVER.

And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

ORLANDO.

I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLIVER.

Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM.

Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

OLIVER.

Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me?[4] I will physic your rankness,[5] and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Denis!

*Enter* DENIS.

DENIS.

Calls your worship?

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[1] **exercises:** development of physical powers, particularly in sports and the art of defending oneself.
[2] **allottery:** allotment; share of property.
[3] **go/buy my fortunes:** go out into the world and seek my fortune.
[4] **grow upon me:** get the better of me; encroach upon me.
[5] **physic your/rankness:** cure your growing insolence.

OLIVER.

Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

DENIS.

So please you,[1] he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

OLIVER.

Call him in. [*Exit* DENIS.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter* CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Good morrow to your worship.

OLIVER.

Good morrow, Monsieur Charles.—What's the new news at the new court?

CHARLES.

There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banisht by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving[2] lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave[3] to wander.

OLIVER.

Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banisht with her father?

CHARLES.

O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have follow'd her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

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[1] So please you: if it please you.
[2] loving: loyal.
[3] good leave: his full permission.

OLIVER.

Where will the old duke live?

CHARLES.

They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly,[1] as they did in the golden world.[2]

OLIVER.

What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHARLES.

Marry,[3] do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit;[4] and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil[5] him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment[6] or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

OLIVER.

Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite,[7] I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand[8] means

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[1] **fleet the time carelessly:** pass the time in carefree pursuits. [2] **golden world:** the golden age fabled by poets. [3] **Marry:** by the Virgin Mary. [4] **credit:** reputation. [5] **foil:** defeat; worst. [6] **intendment:** intention. [7] **requite:** reward. [8] **underhand:** indirect.

labour'd to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver[1] against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself[2] on thee, he will practise[3] against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device,[4] and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect[5] means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly[6] of him; but should I anatomize him[7] to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

CHARLES.

I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment:[8] if ever he go alone[9] again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

OLIVER.

Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit* CHARLES.] Now will I stir this gamester:[10] I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device;[11] of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised:[12] but it shall not

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[1] **contriver:** plotter. [2] **grace himself:** do himself honor. [3] **practice:** use stratagems: plot. [4] **device:** means. [5] **indirect:** secret. [6] **brotherly:** with natural brotherly feeling. [7] **anatomize him:** show him to you as he really is; expose him. [8] **his payment:** the punishment he deserves. [9] **go alone:** walk without crutches or on someone's arm. [10] **gamester:** frolicsome fellow. [11] **noble device:** good aims. [12] **misprised:** undervalued; slighted.

be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither;[1] which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

## Scene II.

*Lawn before the* DUKE'S *palace.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

CELIA.

I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz,[2] be merry.

ROSALIND.

Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of;[3] and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banisht father, you must not learn[4] me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CELIA.

Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banisht father, had banisht thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd [5] as mine is to thee.

ROSALIND.

Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CELIA.

You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce,[6] I will render thee again[7] in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

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[1] **kindle the boy thither:** excite his passions to take part in this contest. [2] **coz:** cousin. [3] **I am mistress of:** I truly feel. [4] **learn:** teach. [5] **temper'd:** conditioned. [6] **perforce:** by force. [7] **render thee again:** repay you.

ROSALIND.

From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

CELIA.

Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest;[1] nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush[2] thou mayst in honour come off again.

ROSALIND.

What shall be our sport, then?

CELIA.

Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,[3] that her gifts may henceforth be bestow'd equally.

ROSALIND.

I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CELIA.

'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest;[4] and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.[5]

ROSALIND.

Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office[6] to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE.

CELIA.

No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit

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[1] **good earnest:** real earnest; seriously.
[2] **pure blush:** the blush of innocence.
[3] **good housewife Fortune from her/wheel:** Fortune is represented with a wheel, showing that she is constantly changing.
[4] **honest:** virtuous; chaste.
[5] **ill/favour'dly:** ugly.
[6] **office:** function.

to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

ROSALIND.

Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural[1] the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

CELIA.

Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.[2]— How now, wit! whither wander you?

TOUCHSTONE.

Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA.

Were you made the messenger?

TOUCHSTONE.

No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

ROSALIND.

Where learn'd you that oath, fool?

TOUCHSTONE.

Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught:[3] now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.[4]

CELIA.

How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROSALIND.

Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

---

[1] **natural**: fool; idiot.
[2] **whetstone of the wits**: from the title of Robert Recordé's Arithmetic, "The Whetstone of Witte."
[3] **naught**: worthless; not worth eating; bad.
[4] **forsworn**: perjured.

TOUCHSTONE.

Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CELIA.

By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCHSTONE.

By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CELIA.

Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st?

TOUCHSTONE.

One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CELIA.

My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation[1] one of these days.

TOUCHSTONE.

The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CELIA.

By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.—Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

ROSALIND.

With his mouth full of news.

CELIA.

Which he will put on us,[2] as pigeons feed their young.[3]

---

[1] taxation: impudence; taxing one's patience.
[2] put on us: force on us.
[3] feed their young: force food down the birds' throats.

ROSALIND.

Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

CELIA.

All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

*Enter* LE BEAU.

*Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

LE BEAU.

Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA.

Sport! of what colour!

LE BEAU.

What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

ROSALIND.

As wit and fortune will.

TOUCHSTONE.

Or as the Destinies[1] decrees.

CELIA.

Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.[2]

TOUCHSTONE.

Nay, if I keep not my rank[3],—

ROSALIND.

Thou losest thy old smell.[4]

LE BEAU.

You amaze[5] me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROSALIND.

Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU.

I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

---

[1] **the Destinies:** fate.
[2] **laid on with a trowel:** laid on thickly; clumsy flattery.
[3] **rank:** place.
[4] **losest thy old smell:** a pun on the word "rank."
[5] **amaze:** confound; put in a maze.

CELIA.

Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU.

There comes an old man and his three sons,—

CELIA.

I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU.

Three proper[1] young men, of excellent growth and presence.

ROSALIND.

With bills on their necks,[2] 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

LE BEAU.

The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole[3] over them, that all the beholders take his part[4] with weeping.

ROSALIND.

Alas!

TOUCHSTONE.

But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU.

Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE.

Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CELIA.

Or I, I promise thee.

---

[1] **proper:** fine looking.
[2] **With bills on their necks:** literally, with pikes on their shoulders, but here "bills" is used as a pun, as is "presents," which carries out the legal phraseology.
[3] **dole:** lamentation.
[4] **take his part:** join him.

ROSALIND.

But is there any else longs to see this broken music[1] in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU.

You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CELIA.

Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* ATTENDANTS.

DUKE FREDERICK.

Come on: since the youth will not be entreated,[2] his own peril on his forwardness.

ROSALIND.

Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU.

Even he, madam.

CELIA.

Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.[3]

DUKE FREDERICK.

How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither[4] to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND.

Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

DUKE FREDERICK.

You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds[5] in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him,

---

[1] **broken music:** broken ribs (a pun); Wright says "Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music.'" [2] **will not be entreated:** will not be dissuaded. [3] **successfully:** able; capable of winning. [4] **are you crept hither:** have you come here. [5] **odds:** disparity.

ladies; see if you can move[1] him.

CELIA.

Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE FREDERICK.

Do so: I'll not be by.

LE BEAU.

Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

ORLANDO.

I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND.

Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO.

No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CELIA.

Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety,[2] and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND.

Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised:[3] we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORLANDO.

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts:[4] wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle

---

[1] **move:** influence.

[2] **embrace/your own safety:** seize the opportunity granted you of avoiding the match.

[3] **misprised:** undervalued; misjudged.

[4] **punish me not with your hard thoughts:** do not make me unhappy by having so harsh an opinion of my wrestling ability.

wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd[1] there is but one shamed that was never gracious;[2] if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROSALIND.

The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CELIA.

And mine, to eke out hers.[3]

ROSALIND.

Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you! [4]

CELIA.

Your heart's desires be with you!

CHARLES.

Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORLANDO.

Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE FREDERICK.

You shall try but one fall.

CHARLES.

No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORLANDO.

An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mockt me before: but come your ways.

---

[1] foil'd: defeated.
[2] gracious: favored.
[3] to eke out hers: to supplement hers.
[4] I be deceived in you: I underestimate you.

ROSALIND.

Now Hercules be thy speed,[1] young man!

CELIA.

I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*Wrestle.*

ROSALIND.

O excellent young man!

CELIA.

If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout.* CHARLES *is thrown.*

DUKE FREDERICK.

No more, no more.

ORLANDO.

Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breath'd.[2]

DUKE FREDERICK.

How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU.

He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK.

Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO.

Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

DUKE FREDERICK.

I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK, TRAIN, *and* LE BEAU.

---

[1] be thy speed: be your protector.
[2] well breath'd: warmed up.

CELIA.

Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORLANDO.

I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,[1]
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROSALIND.

My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,[2]
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

CELIA.

Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious[3] disposition
Sticks me at heart[4]—Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROSALIND.

Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune[5]
That would give more, but that her hand lacks means.
—Shall we go, coz?

CELIA.

Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO.

Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

---

[1] calling: appellation.
[2] his son: to be his son.
[3] envious: malicious.
[4] sticks me at heart: strikes me to the heart.
[5] out of suits with fortune: out of favor with fortune.

Is but a quintain,[1] a mere lifeless block.

ROSALIND.

He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CELIA.

Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND.

Have with you.[2]—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ORLANDO.

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?[3]
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.[4]
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Enter* LE BEAU.

LE BEAU.

Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit[5] you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconsters[6] all that you have done.
The duke is humorous:[7] what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive[8] than I to speak of.

ORLANDO.

I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this,—
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

LE BEAU.

Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter:

---

[1] **quintain:** a post for tilting in military exercises: that is, a wooden image of a man. [2] **Have with you:** I'll be with you. [3] **hangs these weights upon my tongue:** keeps me silent. [4] **urged conference:** encouraged conversation. [5] **Albeit:** although. [6] **misconsters:** misconstrues. [7] **humorous:** headstrong; capricious. [8] **conceive:** imagine.

The other is daughter to the banisht duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company: whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument[1]
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world[2] than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORLANDO.

I rest much bounden to you:[3] fare you well.

[*Exit* LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;[4]
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

## Scene III.

*A room in the palace.*

*Enter* CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

CELIA.

Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—not a word?

ROSALIND.

Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA.

No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

ROSALIND.

Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be

---

[1] argument: reason.
[2] in a better world: in better times.
[3] rest much bounden to you: remain greatly in your debt.
[4] smoke into the smother: that is, from bad to worse.

lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.[1]

CELIA.

But is all this for your father?

ROSALIND.

No, some of it is for my father's child. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

CELIA.

They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

ROSALIND.

I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

CELIA.

Hem them away.[2]

ROSALIND.

I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and have him.[3]

CELIA.

Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROSALIND.

O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

CELIA.

O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service[4] let us talk in good earnest[5] is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND.

The duke my father loved his father dearly.

---

[1] **mad without any:** mad to love without reason.
[2] **Hem them away:** cough them away.
[3] **if I could cry 'hem,' and have him:** a play on the words "hem" and "him."
[4] **turning these jests out of service:** dismissing idle talk as one would dismiss a servant.
[5] **talk in/good earnest:** talk seriously.

CELIA.

Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,[1] I should hate him for my father hated his father dearly;[2] yet I hate not Orlando.

ROSALIND.

No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CELIA.

Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

ROSALIND:

Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

CELIA.

With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, *with* LORDS.

DUKE FREDERICK.

Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,[3]
And get you from our court.

ROSALIND.

Me, uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK.

You, cousin:[4]
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

ROSALIND.

I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,[5]
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn

---

[1] **this kind of chase:** this line of reasoning.
[2] **dearly:** heartily; intensely.
[3] **dispatch you with your safest haste:** that is, get ready with the haste that will best insure your safety.
[4] **cousin:** niece.
[5] **If with myself I hold intelligence:** if I know my own mind.

Did I offend your highness.

DUKE FREDERICK.

Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation[1] did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace[2] itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND.

Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.[3]

DUKE FREDERICK.

Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

ROSALIND.

So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banisht him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CELIA.

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE FREDERICK.

Ay, Celia; we stay'd[4] her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.[5]

CELIA.

I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:[6]
I was too young that time to value her;[7]
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still[8] have slept together,
Rose at an instant,[9] learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,[10]
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

---

[1] **purgation:** clearance from guilt: exculpation. [2] **grace:** Divine Grace. [3] **whereon the likelihood depends:** on what you base your reason for this. [4] **stay'd:** detained. [5] **ranged along:** also been banished. [6] **remorse:** compassion; tenderness. [7] **value her:** know her worth. [8] **still:** constantly. [9] **instant:** at the same instant. [10] **Juno's swans:** supposedly the swans that drew Juno's chariot; however, in mythology Juno's chariot was drawn by peacocks.

DUKE FREDERICK.

She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show[1] more bright and seem more virtuous[2]
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banisht.

CELIA.

Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE FREDERICK.

You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself:[3]
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK *and* LORDS.

CELIA.

O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

ROSALIND.

I have more cause.

CELIA.

Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banisht me, his daughter?

ROSALIND.

That he hath not.

CELIA.

No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I am one:

---

[1] **show:** appear.
[2] **virtuous:** endowed with good qualities.
[3] **provide yourself:** prepare yourself.

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise[1] with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take the charge[2] upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out:
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND.

Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA.

To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

ROSALIND.

Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CELIA.

I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber[3] smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir[4] assailants.

ROSALIND.

Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?[5]
A gallant curtle-axe[6] upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial[7] outside;
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.[8]

CELIA.

What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

---

[1] **devise:** plan. [2] **charge:** responsibility. [3] **umber:** a brown earth found in Umbria, Italy, valued as a pigment by artists. [4] **stir:** excite; rouse. [5] **suit me all points like a man:** dress completely like a man. [6] **curtle-axe:** cutlass; short ax. [7] **swashing and a martial:** a swashbuckling and military look. [8] **outface it with their semblances:** face it out by simulating bravery.

ROSALIND.

I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.[1]
But what will you be call'd?

CELIA.

Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.[2]

ROSALIND.

But, cousin, what if we assay'd[3] to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CELIA.

He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him.[4] Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **Ganymede:** a beautiful youth who, while tending his father's sheep on Mount Ida, was taken up to Olympus by Jupiter (Jove) and became the cupbearer of the gods.
[2] **Aliena:** a name meaning "stranger."
[3] **assay'd:** tried.
[4] **woo him:** gain him over.

# As You Likē It

## ACT 2

# ACT II

THE SCENE shifts now to the Forest of Arden, and we are introduced to the banished Duke (called Duke Senior to distinguish him from his younger brother Frederick), as he lives in rustic simplicity and relative contentment with a few loyal followers. In the meantime, back at court, Frederick is greatly angered by Celia's and Touchstone's departure with Rosalind, and believing Orlando to have had a hand in the matter, he sends a messenger to Oliver, whom he holds responsible. But though Orlando has not been involved, he is already fleeing his brother's house, accompanied by old Adam, a faithful servant. By now, as we see next, Rosalind, posing as the shepherd Ganymede, and Celia, calling herself Aliena, have arrived in Arden, where we soon are shown to members of Duke Senior's company—Amiens, a singer, and Jaques, a melancholy fellow—sitting "under the greenwood tree." Orlando and Adam shortly arrive there, too, Adam exhausted by his long journey, and both faint with hunger. In search of food, Orlando bursts menacingly upon the Duke's ménage, but is received with hospitality. When the Duke learns that Orlando is the son of an old friend, he and Adam are welcomed into the company of exiles.

## ACT II. Scene I.

*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter* DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, *and two or three* LORDS, *like foresters.*

DUKE SENIOR.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom[1] made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?[2] Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,

---

[1] old custom: continued habit.
[2] painted pomp: false show.

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
'This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel[1] in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,[2]
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:
I would not change it.

AMIENS.

Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DUKE SENIOR.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks[3] me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers[4] of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads[5]
Have their round haunches gored.

FIRST LORD.

Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banisht you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along[6]
Under an oak, whose antique[7] root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;

---

[1] **precious jewel:** it was believed that there was a toadstone in the head of a frog that could fight the effects of poison and was also a cure for gallstones. [2] **exempt from public haunt:** away from contact with the public. [3] **irks:** distresses. [4] **burghers:** citizens. [5] **forked heads:** arrowheads. [6] **lay along:** lay stretched full length. [7] **antique:** ancient.

To the which place a poor sequester'd [1] stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE SENIOR.

But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralise this spectacle?

FIRST LORD.

O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;[2]
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings[3] do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
' 'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company;' [4] anon, a careless[5] herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively[6] he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,

---

[1] **sequester'd:** separated from the herd.
[2] **needless stream:** that is, the stream was not in need of more water.
[3] **worldlings:** humans.
[4] **misery doth part/The flux of company:** misery discourages company.
[5] **careless:** carefree.
[6] **most invectively:** with severest censure.

To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

DUKE SENIOR.

And did you leave him in this contemplation?

SECOND LORD.

We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE SENIOR.

Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,[1]
For then he's full of matter.[2]

FIRST LORD.

I'll bring you to him straight.[3] [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.

*A room in the palace.*

*Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, *with* LORDS.

DUKE FREDERICK.

Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance[4] in this.

FIRST LORD.

I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasured[5] of their mistress.

SECOND LORD.

My lord, the roynish[6] clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

---

[1] **cope him in these sullen fits:** encounter him when he is in these melancholy moods. [2] **matter:** sound sense. [3] **straight:** immediately. [4] **of consent and sufferance:** i.e., knew of this escape and connived at it. [5] **untreasured:** unenriched by her presence. [6] **roynish:** scurvy; rascally.

Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE FREDERICK.

Send to his brother's; fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail[1]
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Before* OLIVER'S *house.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

ORLANDO.

Who's there?

ADAM.

What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory[2]
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond [3] to overcome
The bony priser[4] of the humorous[5] duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely[6]
Envenoms[7] him that bears it!

---

[1] **inquisition quail:** inquiry slacken. [2] **memory:** remind me; memorial. [3] **fond:** foolish. [4] **bony priser:** stalwart prize fighter; there is a dispute as to whether Shakespeare intended "bony" or "bonny" here. [5] **humorous:** capricious. [6] **comely:** attractive; good. [7] **Envenoms:** poisons.

ORLANDO.

Why, what's the matter?

ADAM.

O, unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,[1]
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:[2]
I overheard him and his practices.[3]
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:[4]
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLANDO.

Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM.

No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORLANDO.

What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous[5] sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted[6] blood and bloody brother.[7]

ADAM.

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire[8] I saved under your father,

---

[1] **you use to lie:** you are accustomed to sleep. [2] **cut you off:** kill you. [3] **practices:** plots: evil designs. [4] **butchery:** slaughterhouse. [5] **base and boisterous:** cowardly and violent. [6] **diverted:** alienated. [7] **bloody brother:** murderous brother. [8] **thrifty hire:** hoarded wages.

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service[1] should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:[2]
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty[3] winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

ORLANDO.

O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant[4] service of the antique world,[5]
When service sweat for duty, not for meed! [6]
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of [7] all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways:[8] we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.[9]

ADAM.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

---

[1] **service:** useful service. [2] **unregarded age in corners thrown:** discarded and forgotten because no longer useful. [3] **lusty:** bracing. [4] **constant:** faithful. [5] **antique world:** the world of yore. [6] **meed:** reward. [7] **in lieu of:** in return for. [8] **come thy ways:** come along and let us begin. [9] **settled low content:** quiet, humble life.

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I,[1] but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week.[2]
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV.

### *The Forest of Arden*

*Enter* ROSALIND *for* GANYMEDE, CELIA *for* ALIENA, *and* TOUCHSTONE.

ROSALIND.

O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE.

I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROSALIND.

I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose[3] ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena!

CELIA.

I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

TOUCHSTONE.

For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross,[4] if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROSALIND.

Well, this is the forest of Arden.

---

[1] **From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore/ Here lived I:** from the time I was seventeen until now, when I am almost eighty, I have lived in this place. [2] **too late a week:** too late in the week; that is, too late to start a new life. [3] **doublet and hose:** coat and breeches. [4] **cross:** a double meaning here—a burden to bear and also a reference to the penny of Queen Elizabeth's day, which was stamped with a cross and was so called.

TOUCHSTONE.

Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home,
I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.[1]

ROSALIND.

Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

*Enter* CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn[2] talk.

CORIN.

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS.

O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

CORIN.

I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS.

No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?[3]

CORIN.

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS.

O, thou didst then never love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing[4] thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:

---

[1] **must be content:** must make the best of things.
[2] **solemn:** serious.
[3] **thy fantasy:** your fancy; your love.
[4] **Wearing:** wearing out the patience of.

Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

ROSALIND.

Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,[1] I have by hard adventure[2] found mine own.

TOUCHSTONE.

And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,[3] and the cow's dugs[4] that her pretty chopt[5] hands had milkt: and I remember the wooing of a peascod[6] instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.[7]

ROSALIND.

Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware[8] of.

TOUCHSTONE.

Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

ROSALIND.

Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCHSTONE.

And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CELIA.

I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

---

[1] **wound:** wound caused by Cupid's arrow. [2] **hard/adventure:** sad experience. [3] **batlet:** the small wooden paddle with which washer-women beat their coarse clothes. [4] **dugs:** teats. [5] **chopt:** chapped. [6] **peascod:** peapod. [7] **mortal in folly:** extremely foolish. [8] **ware:** aware.

TOUCHSTONE.

Holla, you clown!

ROSALIND.

Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

CORIN.

Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE.

Your betters, sir.

CORIN.

Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND.

Peace, I say.—Good even to you, friend.

CORIN.

And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROSALIND.

I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,[1]
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress,
And faints for succour.

CORIN.

Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find[2] the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote,[3] his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,

---

[1] entertainment: food and shelter.
[2] little recks to find: cares little about finding.
[3] cote: cottage.

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ROSALIND.

What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

CORIN.

That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,[1]
That little cares for buying any thing.

ROSALIND.

I pray thee, if it stand [2] with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CELIA.

And we will mend[3] thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste[4] my time in it.

CORIN.

Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder[5] be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene V.

*The forest.*

*Enter* AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

AMIENS [*sings*].

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

---

[1] but erewhile: just now.
[2] if it stand: if it is consistent.
[3] mend: better; improve.
[4] waste: spend.
[5] feeder: servant.

JAQUES.

More, more, I prithee, more.

AMIENS.

It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES.

I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

AMIENS.

My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

JAQUES.

I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo:[1] call you 'em stanzos?

AMIENS.

What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES.

Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

AMIENS.

More at your request than to please myself.

JAQUES.

Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like th'encounter of two dog-apes;[2] and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMIENS.

Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while;[3] the duke will

---

[1] stanzo: stanza.
[2] dog-apes: dog-faced baboons.
[3] cover the while: lay the table in the meantime.

drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.[1]

JAQUES.

And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable[2] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

*Song.*

Who doth ambition shun [*All together here.*
And loves to live i'th'sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQUES.

I'll give you a verse to this note,[3] that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.[4]

AMIENS.

And I'll sing it.

JAQUES.

Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

AMIENS.

What's that 'ducdame'?

---

[1] look you: look for you.
[2] too dispu/table: too fond of argument.
[3] note: tune.
[4] in/despite of my invention: although my imagination was unwilling.

JAQUES.

'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.[1]
I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against[2] all the first-born of Egypt.[3]

AMIENS.

And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE VI.

*The forest.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ADAM.

Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

ORLANDO.

Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit[4] is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly;[5] and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] call fools into a circle: i.e., the magic circle which is used in incantations to summon demons.
[2] rail against: revile.
[3] first/born of Egypt: a proverbial phrase for highborn persons.
[4] conceit: imagination.
[5] cheerly: cheerfully.

## Scene VII.

*The forest. A table set out.*

*Enter* DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, *and* LORDS *like* OUTLAWS.

DUKE SENIOR.
I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

FIRST LORD.
My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE SENIOR.
If he, compact of jars,[1] grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.[2]
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

*Enter* JAQUES.

FIRST LORD.
He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR.
Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What, you look merrily!

JAQUES.
A fool, a fool! I met a fool i'th'forest,
A motley[3] fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and baskt him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,[4] and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial[5] from his poke,[6]

---

[1] **compact of jars:** made up of discords.
[2] **spheres:** heavens.
[3] **motley:** the parti-colored dress of the fool.
[4] **In good set terms:** without mincing words.
[5] **dial:** possibly a portable journey-ring or small sundial.
[6] **poke:** large purse or wallet worn at the girdle of a fool.

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,[1]
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral[2] on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,[3]
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;[4]
And I did laugh sans intermission[5]
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

DUKE SENIOR.

What fool is this?

JAQUES.

O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents[6]
In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE SENIOR.

Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES.

It is my only suit;[7]
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise.[8] I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter[9] as the wind,

---

[1] **ripe and ripe:** grow older. [2] **moral:** moralize. [3] **chanticleer:** rooster. [4] **deep-contemplative:** deep thinking. [5] **sans intermission:** without ceasing. [6] **vents:** gives forth. [7] **suit:** he means petition, not costume. [8] **weed your better judgements/ Of all opinions that grow rank in them/ That I am wise:** erase from your mind any flattering opinion of my wisdom. [9] **as large a charter:** as broad a license.

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled[1] with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,[2]
Not to seem senseless of the bob:[3] if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized [4]
Even by the squandering glances[5] of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE SENIOR.

Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

JAQUES.

What, for a counter,[6] would I do but good?

DUKE SENIOR.

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting[7] itself;
And all th'imbossed [8] sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQUES.

Why, who cries out on pride,[9]
That can therein tax[10] any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

---

[1] **galled:** rubbed raw. [2] **smart:** be hurt. [3] **bob:** taunt. [4] **anatomized:** exposed. [5] **squandering glances:** scattered hits. [6] **counter:** worthless coin used in calculations. [7] **brutish sting:** carnal impulse. [8] **imbossed:** swollen. [9] **pride:** ostentation. [10] **tax:** take to task; censure.

Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,[1]
That says his bravery[2] is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech? [3]
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter* ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

ORLANDO.

Forbear, and eat no more!

JAQUES.

Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO.

Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

JAQUES.

Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE SENIOR.

Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civilty thou seem'st so empty?

ORLANDO.

You touch'd my vein at first:[4] the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,[5]
And know some nurture.[6] But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.[7]

JAQUES.

An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.

---

[1] **basest function:** lowest position in society. [2] **bravery:** finery; clothes. [3] **suits/His folly to the mettle of my speech:** matches his folly to the truth of what I am saying, proving that the cap fits. [4] **You touched my vein at first:** that is, your first guess was the right one. [5] **inland bred:** i.e., not a rough frontiersman. [6] **nurture:** good breeding. [7] **answered:** given attention.

DUKE SENIOR.

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORLANDO.

I almost die for food; and let me have it.

DUKE SENIOR.

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO.

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance[1]
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have lookt on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement[2] be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE SENIOR.

True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command [3] what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

---

[1] countenance: appearance.
[2] enforcement: inducement.
[3] upon command: for the asking.

ORLANDO.

Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limpt in pure love: till he be first sufficed,—
Opprest with two weak evils,[1] age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

DUKE SENIOR.

Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

ORLANDO.

I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

DUKE SENIOR.

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

JAQUES.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. As, first the infant,
Mewling[2] and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,[3]
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,

---

[1] **weak evils:** evils causing weakness.
[2] **Mewling:** crying and whining.
[3] **bearded like the pard:** bearded like a leopard; that is, with long, pointed mustaches like the leopard's feelers.

Seeking the bubble reputation[1]
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,[2]
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;[3]
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,[4]
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose,[5] well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his[6] sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Enter* ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

DUKE SENIOR.

Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

ORLANDO.

I thank you most for him.

ADAM.

So had you need:—
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE SENIOR.

Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;

---

[1] **bubble reputation:** reputation made up of nothing more substantial than soap-and-water bubbles. [2] **capon lined:** an allusion to the custom of presenting justices with presents to secure their favor; capons, it seems, was one of these. [3] **wise saws and modern instances:** wise sayings and trite examples. [4] **pantaloon:** the name of a comic character in Italian plays. [5] **hose:** breeches. [6] **his:** its.

Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,[1]
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,[2] most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! etc.

DUKE SENIOR.

If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies[3] witness
Most truly limn'd[4] and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,[5]
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **Because thou art not seen:** that is, because it is not personal.
[2] **feigning:** wishful thinking.
[3] **effigies:** likeness.
[4] **limn'd:** delineated; portrayed.
[5] **residue of your fortune:** the rest of your story.

# As You Like It

## ACT 3

# ACT III

Back at court, Oliver is blamed by Frederick for allowing Orlando, as he believes, to abscond with the two girls, and is told that until he brings them back his lands are confiscated. In Arden, meanwhile, Orlando has turned poet, and is busily decking the trees with poems addressed to Rosalind, who, in her man's disguise, finds them and is quite taken by them, until Touchstone pokes fun at them and at her in a parody of his own composition. Touchstone himself is soon discovered in the toils of love, having met and become curiously attracted by a rather unprepossessing wench named Audrey. Rosalind, meanwhile, has encountered Orlando in the forest, but he does not recognize her as Ganymede. She offers to cure him of his love-sickness if he will woo her as if she were his beloved Rosalind. Orlando agrees, but Ganymede soon finds herself the object of the shepherdess Phebe's affections, who, believing her to be a man, is willing to desert her own importunate lover, the shepherd Silvius, whom she dupes into acting as the courier of her love missives to Ganymede.

## ACT III. Scene I.

*A room in the palace.*

*Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, *and* OLIVER.

DUKE FREDERICK.

Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,[1]
I should not seek an absent argument [2]
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle;[3] bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more

---

[1] **the better part made mercy:** more merciful than vengeful.
[2] **argument:** object.
[3] **Seek him with candle:** see Luke xv. 8.

To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee[1] by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

OLIVER.

O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

DUKE FREDERICK.

More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon[2] his house and lands:
Do this expediently,[3] and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.

*The forest.*

*Enter* ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

ORLANDO.

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[4] survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;[5]

---

[1] **quit thee:** be absolved. [2] **Make an extent upon:** seize by writ of attachment. [3] **expediently:** expeditiously. [4] **thrice-crowned queen of night:** i.e., the moon; known as Luna or Cynthia in heaven, Hecate or Proserpine in the lower regions, and as Diana on earth (Diana was also goddess of the chase and of chastity). [5] **character:** carve.

That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[1] she. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

CORIN.

And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE.

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

CORIN.

No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learn'd no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,[2] or comes of a very dull kindred.

TOUCHSTONE.

Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court,

---

[1] **unexpressive:** inexpressible.

[2] **may complain/of good breeding:** may complain of not having been well brought up.

shepherd?

CORIN.

No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE.

Then thou art damn'd.

CORIN.

Nay, I hope,—

TOUCHSTONE.

Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

CORIN.

For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE.

Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous[1] state, shepherd.

CORIN.

Not a whit,[2] Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCHSTONE.

Instance,[3] briefly; come, instance.

CORIN.

Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells,[3] you know, are greasy.

---

[1] parlous: perilous.
[2] a whit: a bit.
[3] Instance: give an example.
[4] fells: pelts or fleeces.

TOUCHSTONE.

Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton[1] as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

CORIN.

Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCHSTONE.

Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

CORIN.

And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.[2]

TOUCHSTONE.

Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend:[3] civet is of a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance,[4] shepherd.

CORIN.

You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

TOUCHSTONE.

Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision[5] in thee! thou art raw.[6]

CORIN.

Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm;[7] and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCHSTONE.

That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the

---

[1] **mutton:** sheep. [2] **civet:** a substance derived from the civet cat, and used as the basis for many perfumes. [3] **perpend:** consider. [4] **Mend the instance:** give a better example. [5] **make incision:** an allusion to the common practice of bloodletting. [6] **raw:** green; inexperienced. [7] **content with my harm:** that is, bear my misfortunes with patience.

rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd [1] to a bell-wether;[2] and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

CORIN.

Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter* ROSALIND, *with a paper, reading.*

ROSALIND.

From the east[3] to western Ind,[4]
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined [5]
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

TOUCHSTONE.

I'll rime you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.[6]

ROSALIND.

Out, fool!

TOUCHSTONE.

For a taste:

If a hart[7] do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.

---

[1] **bawd:** procurer. [2] **bell-wether:** the male sheep leading the flock and wearing a bell. [3] **east:** eastern. [4] **western Ind:** West Indies. [5] **lined:** delineated; drawn. [6] **right butter-women's rank to/market:** Wright says this means "going one after another, at a jog-trot, like butter-women going to market." [7] **hart:** male deer; stag; a pun on "heart."

Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop[1] of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

ROSALIND.

Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

TOUCHSTONE.

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND.

I'll graff [2] it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar:[3] then it will be the earliest fruit i'th'country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCHSTONE.

You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter* CELIA, *with a writing.*

ROSALIND.

Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

CELIA [*reads*].

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings[4] show:
Some, how brief the life of man

---

[1] **false gallop**: forced gait.
[2] **graff**: graft.
[3] **medlar**: a small European tree, the fruit of which resembles the crab apple and is not eaten until it is overripe. [4] **civil sayings**: sayings of civilized society.

Runs his erring[1] pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence[2] of every sprite
Heaven would in little[3] show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:[4]
Nature presently distill'd[5]
Helen's[6] cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's[7] better part;
Sad Lucretia's[8] modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches[9] dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

ROSALIND.

O most gentle pulpiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

CELIA.

How now! back, friends:—shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

TOUCHSTONE.

---

[1] **erring:** errant; wandering. [2] **quintessence:** highest essence or power in a human body. [3] **in little:** in miniature. [4] **wide-enlarged:** over-endowed. [5] **distill'd:** purified. [6] **Helen:** daughter of Jupiter and called the most beautiful woman in the world, she eloped with Paris and thus started the Trojan War. [7] **Atalanta:** her better part was probably her graceful body. [8] **Lucretia:** the Lucrece of Shakespeare's *The Rape of Lucrece*; dishonored by Sextus Tarquinius, she stabbed herself with a dagger. [9] **touches:** features and traits of character (*les traits*).

Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip[1] and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

CELIA.

Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND.

O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CELIA.

That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

ROSALIND.

Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CELIA.

But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

ROSALIND.

I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder[2] before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:—I was never so berimed since Pythagoras'[3] time, that I was an Irish rat,[4] which I can hardly remember.

CELIA.

Trow you[5] who hath done this?

ROSALIND.

Is it a man?

CELIA.

And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you

---

[1] **scrip:** the shepherd's pouch. [2] **nine days out of the wonder:** this refers to the nine days that a wonder is supposed to last; Rosalind says that seven of these days are over for her. [3] **Pythagoras:** A Greek philospher who believed in the transmigration of souls, either human or animal. [4] **Irish rat:** Ben Jonson's *The Poetaster*: "Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats/ In drumming tunes." [5] **Trow you:** know you.

colour?

ROSALIND.

I prithee, who?

CELIA.

O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

ROSALIND.

Nay, but who is it?

CELIA.

Is it possible?

ROSALIND.

Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CELIA.

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping! [1]

ROSALIND.

Good my complexion! [2] dost thou think, though I am caparison'd [3] like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery;[4] I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace.[5] I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightest pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle,—either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA.

So you may put a man in your belly.

---

[1] **out of all whooping:** past all exclamations.
[2] **Good my complexion:** let me not blush, a mild expletive.
[3] **caparison'd:** dressed; bedecked.
[4] **South-sea of discovery:** that is, the slightest delay is as bad as a voyage of discovery.
[5] **apace:** very quickly.

ROSALIND.

Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CELIA.

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND.

Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CELIA.

It is young Orlando, that tript up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROSALIND.

Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.[1]

CELIA.

I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND.

Orlando?

CELIA.

Orlando.

ROSALIND.

Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?— What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How lookt he? Wherein went he? [2] What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA.

You must borrow me Gargantua's[3] mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no

---

[1] **speak, sad brow and true/maid:** speak without joking, as you are an honest maid.

[2] **Wherein went he?:** where did he go.

[3] **Gargantua:** a giant in one of Rabelais' satires who was possessed of a voracious appetite.

to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROSALIND.

But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly[1] as he did the day he wrestled?

CELIA.

It is as easy to count atomies[2] as to resolve the propositions[3] of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropt acorn.

ROSALIND.

It may well be call'd Jove's tree,[4] when it drops forth such fruit.

CELIA.

Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND.

Proceed.

CELIA.

There lay he, stretcht along, like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND.

Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CELIA.

Cry, holla! [5] to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets[6] unseasonably. He was furnisht [7] like a hunter.

ROSALIND.

O, ominous, he comes to kill my heart.

CELIA.

I would sing my song without a burthen:[8] thou bring'st me[9] out of tune.

---

[1] **freshly:** sprightly; healthy. [2] **atomies:** atoms. [3] **to resolve the propositions:** answer the questions. [4] **Jove's tree:** the oak was sacred to Jove, or Jupiter. [5] **holla:** an expression used in checking a horse; halt. [6] **curvets:** bucks; prances about. [7] **furnisht:** dressed. [8] **without a burthen:** unaccompanied. [9] **thou bring'st me:** you make me sing.

ROSALIND.

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

CELIA.

You bring me out.[1]—Soft! comes he not here?

ROSALIND.

'Tis he: slink by, and note him.[2] [CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

JAQUES.

I thank you for your company; but, good faith,[3] I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORLANDO.

And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake,[4]
I thank you too for your society.

JAQUES.

God b'wi'you! let's meet as little as we can.

ORLANDO.

I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES.

I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORLANDO.

I pray you, mar no moe[5] of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly.

JAQUES.

Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO.

Yes, just.

JAQUES.

I do not like her name.

ORLANDO.

There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

---

[1] **bring me out:** put me out; distract me.
[2] **slink by, and note him:** slip away and watch him.
[3] **good faith:** in truth.
[4] **fashion sake:** courtesy.
[5] **moe:** more.

JAQUES.

What stature is she of?

ORLANDO.

Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES.

You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?[1]

ORLANDO.

Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,[2] from whence you have studied your questions.

JAQUES.

You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

ORLANDO.

I will chide no breather[3] in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

JAQUES.

The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORLANDO.

'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQUES.

By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORLANDO.

He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

JAQUES.

There I shall see mine own figure.

---

[1] **conn'd them out of rings:** memorized the mottoes in their rings.
[2] **right painted cloth:** this refers to tapestries which were used as wall coverings and in which mottoes were sometimes woven.
[3] **chide no breather:** speak against no living thing.

ORLANDO.

Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.[1]

JAQUES.

I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

ORLANDO.

I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit* JAQUES. CELIA *and* ROSALIND *come forward.*

ROSALIND [*aside to* CELIA].

I will speak to him like a saucy lackey,[2] and under that habit[3] play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

ORLANDO.

Very well: what would you?

ROSALIND.

I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORLANDO.

You should ask me, what time o'day: there's no clock in the forest.

ROSALIND.

Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

ORLANDO.

And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

ROSALIND.

By no means, sir. Time travels in divers[4] paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots

---

[1] a cipher: a nothing.
[2] lackey: servant.
[3] habit: guise.
[4] divers: different.

withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORLANDO.

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND.

Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight,[1] Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORLANDO.

Who ambles Time withal?

ROSALIND.

With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily,[2] because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful[3] learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

ORLANDO.

Who doth he gallop withal?

ROSALIND.

With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly[4] as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORLANDO.

Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND.

With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORLANDO.

Where dwell you, pretty youth?

---

[1] a se'nnight: a week.
[2] easily: untroubled.
[3] wasteful: exhausting.
[4] softly: slowly.

ROSALIND.

With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORLANDO.

Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND.

As the cony,[1] that you see dwell where she is kindled.[2]

ORLANDO.

Your accent is something finer than you could purchase[3] in so removed a dwelling.[4]

ROSALIND.

I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious[5] uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship[6] too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be toucht[7] with so many giddy offences[8] as he hath generally taxt their whole sex withal.

ORLANDO.

Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROSALIND.

There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

ORLANDO.

I prithee, recount some of them.

ROSALIND.

No, I will not cast away my physic[9] but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon

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[1] **cony**: hare; rabbit. [2] **kindled**: born; brought forth. [3] **purchase**: acquire. [4] **removed a dwelling**: away from cities and culture. [5] **religious**: monk: in holy orders. [6] **courtship**: court manners; a pun. [7] **toucht**: marred; tainted. [8] **giddy offences**: capricious faults. [9] **physic**: medicine.

hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger,[1] I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian[2] of love upon him.

ORLANDO.

I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND.

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes[3] I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO.

What were his marks?

ROSALIND.

A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue eye[4] and sunken,—which you have not; an unquestionable[5] spirit,—which you have not; a beard neglected,—which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.[6]—then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation;—but you are no such man,—you are rather point-de-vise in your accoutrements,[7] as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO.

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND.

Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she

---

[1] **fancy-monger:** one who deals in love; love-monger. [2] **quotidian:** a fever in which paroxysms occur daily. [3] **cage of rushes:** a cage easily forced; hence, weak bondage. [4] **blue eye:** blue shadows around the eyes. [5] **unquestionable:** unsociable. [6] **your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:** you possess only a small portion of a beard. [7] **point-devise in your accoutrements:** faultlessly dressed.

does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth,[1] are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORLANDO.

I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND.

But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

ORLANDO.

Neither rime nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND.

Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punisht and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO.

Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND.

Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish[2] youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish,[3] shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour:[4] would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave[5] my suitor from his mad humour of love to a loving humour of

[1] in good sooth: in very truth.
[2] moonish: changeable; flighty.
[3] apish: imitating others.
[4] colour: kind.
[5] drave: drove.

madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely[1] monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver[2] as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORLANDO.

I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND.

I would cure you,[3] if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote[3] and woo me.

ORLANDO.

Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

ROSALIND.

Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way,[4] you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORLANDO.

With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND.

Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene III.

*The forest.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind.*

TOUCHSTONE.

Come apace,[5] good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature[6] content you?

---

[1] **merely:** entirely. [2] **liver:** in Shakespeare's time, the liver was regarded as the seat of the affections. [3] **cote:** cottage. [4] **by the way:** on the way. [5] **apace:** quickly. [6] **feature:** personal appearance.

AUDREY.

Your features! Lord warrant [1] us! what features?

TOUCHSTONE.

I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

JAQUES [*aside*].

O knowledge ill-inhabited,[2]—worse than Jove in a thatcht[3] house!

TOUCHSTONE.

When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with[4] the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.[5]—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUDREY.

I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

TOUCHSTONE.

No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning;[6] and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

AUDREY.

Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE.

I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest:[7] now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUDREY.

Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE.

No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd;[8] for honesty coupled

---

[1] **warrant:** save. [2] **ill-inhabited:** ill-housed; ill-lodged. [3] **worse than Jove in a thatcht/house:** Jupiter and Mercury, in disguise, came upon the cottage of Philemon and Baucis, and were so hospitably treated that Jupiter changed their thatched cottage into a temple (Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome*). [4] **with:** by. [5] **great reckoning in a little room:** that is, an extravagant bill for humble fare. [6] **feigning:** imaginative. [7] **honest:** chaste. [8] **hard-favour'd:** ugly.

to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQUES [*aside*].

A material [1] fooll

AUDREY.

Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE.

Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul [2] slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUDREY.

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

TOUCHSTONE.

Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext,[3] the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple[4] us.

JAQUES [*aside*].

I would fain[5] see this meeting.

AUDREY.

Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE.

Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but hornbeasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'Many a man knows no end of his goods:' [6] right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them.[7] Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? even so; poor men alone?

---

[1] **material**: literally, full of matter; sensible. [2] **foul**: ugly; homely. [3] **Martext**: a satiric descriptive name. [4] **couple**: marry. [5] **fain**: gladly. [6] **knows/no end of his goods**: believes there is no end to his good fortune. [7] **knows no end of them**: is ignorant of his possessions; i.e., is ignorant of the fact that he is a cuckold.

No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.[1] Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village,[2] so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.[3]—Here comes Sir Oliver.

*Enter* SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us[4] here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCHSTONE.

I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQUES [*coming forward*].

Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

TOUCHSTONE.

Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God ild you[5] for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand[6] here, sir:—nay, pray be cover'd.[7]

JAQUES.

Will you be married, motley?

TOUCHSTONE.

As the ox hath his bow,[8] sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibling.

---

[1] **rascal:** a young deer that is lean and therefore worthless to the hunter. [2] **as a wall'd town is more/worthier than a village:** the town is walled against intruders; the village is defenseless. [3] **to want:** to lack horns. [4] **dispatch us:** perform the marriage ceremony. [5] **God ild you:** God yield, or reward, you. [6] **a toy in hand:** occupied with a trifling matter. [7] **be cover'd:** put on your hat. [8] **bow:** yoke.

JAQUES.

And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

TOUCHSTONE [*aside*].

I am not in the mind but I were better[1] to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAQUES.

Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCHSTONE.

Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.[2]—
Farewell, good Master Oliver:—not,

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;—

but,

Wind away,
Be gone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

---

[1] I am not in the mind but I were better: that is, I am of no other opinion than that it were better.
[2] bawdry: sin.

## SCENE IV.

*The forest.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ROSALIND.

Never talk to me; I will weep.

CELIA.

Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

ROSALIND.

But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA.

As good cause as one would desire: therefore weep.

ROSALIND.

His very hair is of the dissembling colour.[1]

CELIA.

Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROSALIND.

I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CELIA.

An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

ROSALIND.

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.[2]

CELIA.

He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana:[3] a nun of winter's sisterhood [4] kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROSALIND.

But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

---

[1] **dissembling color:** deceitful color; Judas is usually represented in old paintings and tapestries with red hair and beard; hence, symbol of treachery. [2] **holy/bread:** Sacramental bread. [3] **cast lips of Diana:** discarded, or cast off, lips of the chaste goddess Diana. [4] **winter's sisterhood:** that is, a barren sisterhood.

CELIA.

Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROSALIND.

Do you think so?

CELIA.

Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse[1] nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity[2] in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet [3] or a worm-eaten nut.

ROSALIND.

Not true in love?

CELIA.

Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

ROSALIND.

You have heard him swear downright he was.

CELIA.

'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster;[4] they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

ROSALIND.

I met the duke yesterday, and had much question[5] with him: he askt me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laught, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

CELIA.

O, that's a brave man! [6] he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse,[7] athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter,[8] that spurs his horse but on one side,[9] breaks his staff like a noble goose:[10] but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

---

[1] **pick-purse:** pickpocket. [2] **verity:** truthfulness. [3] **concave as a cover'd goblet:** empty; hollow. [4] **tapster:** bartender. [5] **question:** conversation. [6] **brave man:** fine fellow. [7] **quite traverse:** crosswise; awkwardly. [8] **puisny tilter:** awkward lover; puisny means "puny," but here it is used in the sense of "unskillful." [9] **spurs his horse but on one side:** avoids direct involvement. [10] **noble goose:** simpleton; fool ("noble" is used ironically).

*Enter* CORIN.

CORIN.

Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CELIA.

Well, and what of him?

CORIN.

If you will see a pageant [1] truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

ROSALIND.

O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*The forest.*

*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

SILVIUS.

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th'accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe[2] upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be[3]
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops? [4]

---

[1] **pageant:** theatrical performance.
[2] **Falls not the axe:** does not let the axe drop.
[3] **sterner be:** be more cruel.
[4] **he that dies and lives by bloody drops:** he who lives and dies—i.e., makes his livelihood—by being an executioner.

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA; CORIN *behind.*

PHEBE.

I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for[1] I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon;[2] why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice[3] and capable impressure[4]
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SILVIUS.

O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,[5]
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

---

[1] **for:** because.
[2] **counterfeit to swoon:** pretend to faint.
[3] **cicatrice:** mark.
[4] **capable impressure:** sensible impression.
[5] **fancy:** love.

PHEBE.

But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND [*coming forward*].
And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,[1]—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:[2]—'Od's my little life,[3]
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle[4] eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer[5] man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd[6] children:
'Tis not her glass,[7] but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,

---

[1] **Than without candle may go dark to bed:** that is, there is nothing so exciting about your beauty that there would be any particular desire for light to see it by. [2] **ordinary/Of nature's sale-work:** average ready-made goods of nature. [3] **'Od's my little life:** an oath—God save me. [4] **bugle:** jet black, like jet beads. [5] **properer:** handsome. [6] **ill-favour'd:** ugly. [7] **glass:** mirror.

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy;[1] love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.[2]—
So, take her to thee, shepherd:—fare you well.

PHEBE.

Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:[3]
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROSALIND.

He's fall'n in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger:—if it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce[4] her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

PHEBE.

For no ill will I bear you.

ROSALIND.

I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.[5]—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused [6] in sight as he.—
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

PHEBE.

Dead shepherd,[7] now I find thy saw of might,[8]—
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

SILVIUS.

Sweet Phebe,—

---

[1] **Cry the man mercy:** beg his pardon. [2] **Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer:** ugliness of feature is compounded by an ugly disposition. [3] **chide a year together:** spend a year together scolding. [4] **sauce:** "sass." [5] **hard by:** nearby. [6] **abused:** deceived. [7] **Dead shepherd:** an allusion to Christopher Marlowe, who died in 1593, and who is responsible for the next quoted line from *Hero and Leander*. [8] **thy saw of might:** the truth in your saying.

PHEBE.

Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS.

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHEBE.

Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SILVIUS.

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.[1]

PHEBE.

Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

SILVIUS.

I would have you.

PHEBE.

Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not[2] that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst[3] was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

SILVIUS.

So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,[4]
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

---

[1] extermined: exterminated.
[2] yet it is not: the time is not yet.
[3] erst: formerly; once.
[4] poverty of grace: so unworthy of your love.

PHEBE.

Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-while? [1]

SILVIUS.

Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot [2] once was master of.

PHEBE.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish[3] boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixt in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant [4] red and mingled damask.[5]
There be some women, Silvius, had they markt him
In parcels[6] as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am remember'd,[7] scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:

---

[1] **ere-while:** just now. [2] **carlot:** churl; peasant. [3] **peevish:** wayward. [4] **constant:** even; uniform. [5] **mingled damask:** the red and white tints of the damask rose. [6] **In parcels:** in detail. [7] **now I am remember'd:** now that I remember.

But that's all one omittance is no quittance.[1]
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS.

Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE.

I'll write it straight;[2]
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.[3]
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **omittance is no quittance:** from Milton's Paradise Lost, Book X, 53—Man "soon shall find Forbearance is no quittance ere day end."
[2] **straight:** immediately.
[3] **passing short:** very curt.

# As You Like It

## ACT 4

# ACT IV

ORLANDO's wooing of the supposed Ganymede proceeds apace, with much double-talk and comic irony, since he is unaware that he is actually wooing Rosalind. She loves it all, both because the humour of the situation delights her, and because she is really in love with him. Her situation is made all the more incongruous by Phebe's persistent overtures of love and the pangs of her cast-off swain, Silvius. But Oliver now arrives on the scene, carrying a bloody handkerchief of Orlando's. He, Oliver informs Rosalind and Celia, has been severely wounded by a lioness while saving the life of his brother, whom he had found sleeping, a snake about his neck and a lioness nearby. This deed of his brother's has already changed Oliver's heart, and he has come to explain to Ganymede why Orlando has not kept his promise to meet him (her). Rosalind, hearing this, promptly faints.

## ACT IV. Scene I.

### *The forest.*

*Enter* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

JAQUES.

I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROSALIND.

They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQUES.

I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND.

Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure[1] worse than drunkards.

JAQUES.

Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROSALIND.

Why, then 'tis good to be a post.

JAQUES.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation;[2] nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's,

---

[1] **modern censure:** ordinary judgment.
[2] **emulation:** envious rivalry.

which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic;[1] nor the lady's, which is nice;[2] nor the lover's, which is all these;—but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples,[3] extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROSALIND.

A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.[4]

JAQUES.

Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

ROSALIND.

And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

*Enter* ORLANDO.

ORLANDO.

Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQUES.

Nay, then, God b'wi'you, an[5] you talk in blank verse! [*Exit.*

ROSALIND.

Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable[6] all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity,[7] and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have

---

[1] **politic:** expedient. [2] **nice:** fastidious. [3] **simples:** ingredients of a compound of herbs or medicine. [4] **rich eyes/and poor hands:** rich in experience, but poor in pocketbook. [5] **an:** if. [6] **disable:** depreciate; disparage. [7] **nativity:** country of one's birth.

swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover!—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO.

My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROSALIND.

Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapt him o'th'shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORLANDO.

Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND.

Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

ORLANDO.

Of a snail!

ROSALIND.

Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure,[1] I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORLANDO.

What's that?

ROSALIND.

Why, horns; which such as you are fain[2] to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes arm'd in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

---

[1] **jointure:** marriage property settlement made by the husband on the wife in the event of his death before hers.

[2] **fain:** inclined.

ORLANDO.

Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROSALIND.

And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA.

It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer[1] than you.

ROSALIND.

Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

ORLANDO.

I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND.

Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter,[2] you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out,[3] they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift[4] is to kiss.

ORLANDO.

How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND.

Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORLANDO.

Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROSALIND.

Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker[5] than my wit.

ORLANDO.

What, of my suit?

---

[1] leer: face; countenance.
[2] gravell'd for lack of matter: run aground for lack of something to say.
[3] they are out: they have forgotten their speech.
[4] shift: strategy.
[5] ranker: greater.

ROSALIND.

Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO.

I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROSALIND.

Well, in her person, I say,—I will not have you.

ORLANDO.

Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROSALIND.

No, faith, die by attorney.[1] The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*,[2] in a love-cause. Troilus[3] had his brains dasht out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander,[4] he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORLANDO.

I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROSALIND.

By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me

---

[1] **attorney**: substitute.
[2] ***videlicet***: namely; viz; that is to say.
[3] **Troilus**: son of Priam, King of Troy, who was killed by Achilles during the Trojan War.
[4] **Leander**: the youth swam the Hellespont every night to see Hero, a priestess of Venus; one stormy night Leander was drowned and Hero threw herself into the sea and also was drowned.

what you will, I will grant it.

ORLANDO.

Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND.

Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORLANDO.

And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND.

Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO.

What sayest thou?

ROSALIND.

Are you not good?

ORLANDO.

I hope so.

ROSALIND.

Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

ORLANDO.

Pray thee, marry us.

CELIA.

I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND.

You must begin,—'Will you, Orlando,'—

CELIA.

Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORLANDO.

I will.

ROSALIND.

Ay, but when?

ORLANDO.

Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROSALIND.

Then you must say,—'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

ORLANDO.

I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND.

I might ask you for your commission;[1] but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORLANDO.

So do all thoughts,—they are wing'd.

ROSALIND.

Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possest her.

ORLANDO.

For ever and a day.

ROSALIND.

Say a day, without the ever. No, No, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon[2] over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain;[3] more new-fangled[4] than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing,[5] like Diana in the fountain,[6] and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,[7] and that when thou art inclined to weep.

---

[1] **commission:** warrant; legal authority. [2] **a Barbary cock-/pigeon:** "'Barbary' of itself," says Furness, "implies Oriental watchfulness and jealousy." [3] **against/rain:** when it is about to rain. [4] **new-fangled:** changeable; literally, new fancy. [5] **nothing:** without apparent cause. [6] **Diana/in the fountain:** a reference to the many statues of Diana in fountains throughout the world. [7] **hyen:** hyena.

ORLANDO.

But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND.

By my life, she will do as I do.

ORLANDO.

O, but she is wise.

ROSALIND.

Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make[1] the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORLANDO.

A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—'Wit, whither wilt?' [2]

ROSALIND.

Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

ORLANDO.

And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROSALIND.

Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

ORLANDO.

For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROSALIND.

Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee[3] two hours!

ORLANDO.

I must attend [4] the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

---

[1] **make**: close.
[2] **'Wit,/whither wilt?'**: literally, where will your wit take you?
[3] **lack thee**: do without you.
[4] **attend**: wait upon.

ROSALIND.

Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away,[1] and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO.

Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND.

By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross[2] band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORLANDO.

With no less religion than[3] if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

ROSALIND.

Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try:[4] adieu. [*Exit* ORLANDO.

CELIA.

You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluckt over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.[5]

ROSALIND.

O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be

---

[1] **'tis but one cast/away:** it is but one more who has died of grief over being jilted. [2] **gross:** great. [3] **With no less religion than:** just as religiously as. [4] **try:** put to the test. [5] **what the bird hath done to her own nest:** a reference to the old proverb that it is a foul bird that fouleth his own nest; Shakespeare means that Rosalind has betrayed her own sex by masquerading as a man.

sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.[1]

CELIA.

Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

ROSALIND.

No, that same wicked bastard of Venus,[2] that was begot of thought,[3] conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses[4] every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll go find a shadow,[5] and sigh till he come.

CELIA.

And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.

*The forest.*

*Enter* JAQUES, LORDS, *and* FORESTERS.

JAQUES.

Which is he that kill'd the deer?

A LORD.

Sir, it was I.

JAQUES.

Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch[6] of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

FORESTER.

Yes, sir.

---

[1] **bay/of Portugal:** it is believed that Shakespeare was referring to the deep waters off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra. [2] **bastard of Venus:** Cupid. [3] **thought:** melancholy. [4] **abuses:** deceives. [5] **shadow:** shady place. [6] **branch:** wreath; "branch" is an allusion to the branching of the deer's antlers.

JAQUES.

Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

*Song.*

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home!
[*The rest shall bear this burthen.*[1]
Take thou no scorn[2] to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene III.

*The forest.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ROSALIND.

How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando![3]

CELIA.

I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter* SILVIUS.

SILVIUS.

My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [*gives a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action[4]
Which she did use as she was writing of it,

---

[1] **bear this burthen:** carry the refrain.
[2] **Take thou no scorn:** do not be ashamed.
[3] **much/Orlando:** nothing of Orlando (irony).
[4] **waspish action:** petulant attitude.

It bears an angry tenour:[1] pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROSALIND.

Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair;[2] that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix.[3] 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.[4]

SILVIUS.

No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

ROSALIND.

Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.[5]

SILVIUS.

Sure, it is hers.

ROSALIND.

Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

---

[1] **tenour:** tone. [2] **fair:** beautiful. [3] **as rare as phoenix:** according to legend, this bird, after living five hundred years, destroys itself by fire and arises, renewed, from the ashes, only one phoenix being in existence at the same time. [4] **device:** invention. [5] **hand:** handwriting.

Such Ethiop[1] words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

SILVIUS.

So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROSALIND.

She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.
[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—
Can a woman rail thus?

SILVIUS.

Call you this railing?

ROSALIND [*reads*].

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?—
Did you ever hear such railing?—
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance[2] to me.—
Meaning me a beast.—
If the scorn of your bright eyne[3]
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How, then, might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;[4]
Whether that thy youth and kind[5]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,

---

[1] Ethiop: black.
[2] vengeance: mischief.
[3] eyne: eyes.
[4] by him seal up thy mind: send a sealed letter by him to let me know.
[5] kind: natural affections.

And then I'll study how to die.

SILVIUS.

Call you this chiding?

CELIA.

Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND.

Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,[1] and say this to her:—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

*Enter* OLIVER.

OLIVER.

Good morrow, fair ones; pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus[2] of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

CELIA.

West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom.[3]
The rank of osiers,[4] by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

OLIVER.

If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years:—'The boy is fair,
Of female favour,[5] and bestows himself [6]

---

[1] tame snake: contemptible fellow.
[2] purlieus: borders.
[3] neighbour bottom: neighboring valley.
[4] rank of osiers: row of willows.
[5] favour: look; aspect.
[6] bestows himself: conducts himself.

Like a ripe sister:[1] the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owners of the house I did inquire for?

CELIA.

It is no boast, being askt, to say we are.

OLIVER.

Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin;[2]—are you he?

ROSALIND.

I am: what must we understand by this?

OLIVER.

Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher[3] was stain'd.

CELIA.

I pray you, tell it.

OLIVER.

When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approacht
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinkt itself,

---

[1] **ripe sister:** mature woman.
[2] **napkin:** handkerchief.
[3] **handkercher:** handkerchief.

And, with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,[1]
Lay couching,[2] head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CELIA.

O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

OLIVER.

And well he might so do.
For well I know he was unnatural.

ROSALIND.

But, to Orlando:—did he leave him there,
Food to the suckt and hungry lioness?

OLIVER.

Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,[3]
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling[4]
From miserable slumber I awaked.

CELIA.

Are you his brother?

ROSALIND.

Was't you he rescued?

CELIA.

Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

---

[1] udders all drawn dry: the lioness would, therefore, be hungry.
[2] couching: crouching.
[3] just occasion: that is, Orlando would have been excused for leaving his brother, who had ill-treated him, to his fate.
[4] hurtling: noise of conflict.

OLIVER.

'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROSALIND.

But, for the bloody napkin?—

OLIVER.

By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments[1] had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stript himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief,[2] I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space,[3] being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

CELIA.

Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

[ROSALIND *faints.*

---

[1] **recountments:** narratives; the telling of what had brought them to this place.
[2] **Brief:** in brief.
[3] **space:** interval of time.

OLIVER.

Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CELIA.

There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede!

OLIVER.

Look, he recovers.

ROSALIND.

I would I were at home.

CELIA.

We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLIVER.

Be of good cheer, youth:—you a man? you lack a man's heart.

ROSALIND.

I do so, I confess it! Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! [1] I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!

OLIVER.

This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.[2]

ROSALIND.

Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLIVER.

Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

ROSALIND.

So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

---

[1] counterfeited: pretended; acted.

[2] there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest: your sudden pallor shows that it was genuine emotion.

CELIA.

Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards.—
Good sir, go with us.

OLIVER.

That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother,[1] Rosalind.

ROSALIND.

I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—will you go? [*Exeunt.*

[1] **How you excuse my brother:** whether or not you accept my brother's apology for his failure to show up.

# As You Likē It

## ACT 5

# ACT V

A NEW love affair is now introduced: Oliver and Celia. Oliver, having undergone a complete change, is now desirable to Celia and the feeling is reciprocated. They plan to marry next day. Orlando, who has recovered from his wound, is disconsolate because he cannot likewise marry his Rosalind. But Rosalind (still as Ganymede) promises that on the morrow she will both produce Rosalind for him to marry if he loves her, and satisfactorily solve the love problems of Silvius and Phebe, the latter having persisted in declaring her love for Ganymede.

Next day in the forest, with Duke Senior and his followers present, all is happily concluded. Rosalind appears in her own person, to Orlando's great joy, and Phebe, realizing now that her love for Ganymede is impossible, turns again to her faithful Silvius. Hymen, the god of marriage, appears, and four weddings take place simultaneously: Orlando and Rosalind, Silvius and Phebe, Oliver and Celia, and Touchstone and Audrey. Their happiness is complete when a messenger arrives to inform them that Duke Frederick, on his way thither to kill his brother, has been converted to "a religious life," and that all are therefore free to return to their lands and normal modes of life.

## ACT V. Scene I.

*The forest.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCHSTONE.

We shall find a time,[1] Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

AUDREY.

Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.[2]

TOUCHSTONE.

A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUDREY.

Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

TOUCHSTONE.

It is meat and drink to me[3] to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting,[4] we cannot hold.[5]

*Enter* WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

Good even, Audrey.

AUDREY.

God ye good even,[6] William.

WILLIAM.

And good even to you, sir.

---

[1] **a time:** i.e., a time to get married. [2] **for all the old gentleman's saying:** in spite of what the old man said about him. [3] **It is meat and drink to me:** an expression we still use as indicative of something we enjoy. [4] **we shall be flouting:** we shall lose no opportunity to joke and jest. [5] **hold:** restrain ourselves. [6] **God ye good even:** God give you a good evening.

TOUCHSTONE.

Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

WILLIAM.

Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCHSTONE.

A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM.

William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE.

A fair name. Wast born i'th'forest here?

WILLIAM.

Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCHSTONE.

Thank God;—a good answer. Art rich?

WILLIAM.

Faith, sir, so-so.

TOUCHSTONE.

So-so is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

WILLIAM.

Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.[1]

TOUCHSTONE.

Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise; but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILLIAM.

I do, sir.

[1] pretty wit: good mind.

TOUCHSTONE.

Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM.

No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE.

Then learn this of me:—to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

WILLIAM.

Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE.

He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado,[1] or in steel; I will bandy[2] with thee in faction;[3] I will o'er-run thee with policy;[4] I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

AUDREY.

Do, good William.

WILLIAM.

God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN.

CORIN.

Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

---

[1] bastinado: a blow with a cudgel.
[2] bandy: contend; dispute.
[3] faction: controversy.
[4] policy: strategy.

TOUCHSTONE.

Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.

*The forest.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

ORLANDO.

Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her? [1]

OLIVER.

Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

ORLANDO.

You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Enter* ROSALIND.

ROSALIND.

God save you, brother.

---

[1] persever to enjoy/her: persevere to have her.

OLIVER.

And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

ROSALIND.

O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

ORLANDO.

It is my arm.

ROSALIND.

I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORLANDO.

Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROSALIND.

Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher?

ORLANDO.

Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND.

O, I know where you are:[1]—nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag[2] of—'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they lookt; no sooner lookt, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they askt one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent[3] before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO.

They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to

---

[1] **I know where you are:** i.e., I understand what you mean.
[2] **thrasonical brag:** extravagantly boastful talk; it was after his easy defeat of Pharnacus (45 B.C.) that Caesar sent to the Roman senate his famous message: *Veni, vidi, vici.*
[3] **incontinent:** immediately.

the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I tomorrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROSALIND.

Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORLANDO.

I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND.

I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then—for now I speak to some purpose,—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit:[1] I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace[2] me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable.[3] If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture[4] cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is,[5] and without any danger.

ORLANDO.

Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

---

[1] **good conceit:** intelligence; active imagination.
[2] **grace:** honor.
[3] **damnable:** worthy of condemnation.
[4] **gesture:** behavior; actions.
[5] **human as she is:** that is, the real Rosalind, not a phantom, and without any of the dangers that go with witchcraft.

ROSALIND.

By my life I do; which I tender dearly,[1] though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE

PHEBE.

Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROSALIND.

I care not, if I have: it is my study[2]
To seem despiteful[3] and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHEBE.

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS.

It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE.

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO.

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND.

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS.

It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE.

And I for Ganymede.

---

[1] tender dearly: value highly.
[2] it is my study: I have made a deliberate effort.
[3] despiteful: spiteful.

ORLANDO.

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND.

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS.

It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,[1]
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all deservings;—
And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE.

And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO.

And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND.

And so am I for no woman.

PHEBE [*to* ROSALIND].

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

SILVIUS [*to* PHEBE].

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ORLANDO.

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROSALIND.

Who do you speak to,—'Why blame you me to love you?'

ORLANDO.

To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROSALIND.

Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.[2]—I will help you [*to* SILVIUS], if I can:—I would love you [*to* PHEBE], if I could.—To-morrow meet me

---

[1] observance: attention; readiness to serve.

[2] like the howling of Irish wolves/against the moon: i.e., monotonous and dismal.

all together.—I will marry you [*to* PHEBE], if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow;—I will satisfy you [*to* ORLANDO], if ever I satisfy man and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you [*to* SILVIUS], if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*to* ORLANDO] love Rosalind, meet:—as you [*to* SILVIUS] love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—so, fare you well: I have left you commands.

SILVIUS.

I'll not fail, if I live.

PHEBE.

Nor I.

ORLANDO.

Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene III.

*The forest.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY

TOUCHSTONE.

To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUDREY.

I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest[1] desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.[2] Here come two of the banisht duke's pages.

*Enter two* PAGES.

FIRST PAGE.

Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE.

By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

---

[1] **dishonest:** improper.

[2] **a woman of the world:** i.e., a married woman; Audrey imagines that she is marrying into court society.

SECOND PAGE.

We are for you: sit i'th'middle.

FIRST PAGE.

Shall we clap into't roundly,[1] without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only[2] prologues to a bad voice?

SECOND PAGE.

I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

*Song.*

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,[3]
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lie
In spring-time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring-time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring-time, &c.

---

[1] roundly: with a will.
[2] the only: only the.
[3] the only pretty ring-time: i.e., the time for exchanging rings, for making love.

TOUCHSTONE.

Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.[1]

FIRST PAGE.

You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCHSTONE.

By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b'wi'you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV.

*The forest.*

*Enter* DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

DUKE SENIOR.

Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORLANDO.

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear,—they hope, and know they fear.

*Enter* ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

ROSALIND.

Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged[2];—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*to the* DUKE.]
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE SENIOR.

That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROSALIND [*to* ORLANDO].

---

[1] very untuneable: very inharmonious.
[2] urged: discussed.

And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

ORLANDO.

That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROSALIND [*to* PHEBE].

You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

PHEBE.

That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND.

But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHEBE.

So is the bargain.

ROSALIND [*to* SILVIUS].

You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

SILVIUS.

Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND.

I have promised to make this matter even.[1]
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

[1] even: come out all right.

DUKE SENIOR.

I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches[1] of my daughter's favour.[2]

ORLANDO.

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate[3] studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured [4] in the circle of this forest.

JAQUES.

There is, sure, another flood toward,[5] and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCHSTONE.

Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQUES.

Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCHSTONE.

If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.[6] I have trod a measure;[7]; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politic[8] with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone[9] three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQUES.

And how was that ta'en up?[10]

---

[1] **touches:** resemblances; traits. [2] **favour:** appearance. [3] **desperate:** unlawful. [4] **Obscured:** hidden. [5] **toward:** at hand. [6] **put me to my purgation:** challenge me to prove it. [7] **a measure:** a stately dance. [8] **politic:** discreet. [9] **undone:** ruined. [10] **ta'en up:** made up.

TOUCHSTONE.

Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQUES.

How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE SENIOR.

I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE.

God ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives,[1] to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks[2]:—a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE SENIOR.

By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.[3]

TOUCHSTONE.

According to the fool's bolt,[4] sir, and such dulcet diseases.[5]

JAQUES.

But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCHSTONE.

Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming,[6] Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is

---

[1] **copulatives:** candidates for marriage. [2] **blood breaks:** Henley says that when a man who has sworn he will keep only to his wife leaves his wife for another woman, blood breaks the matrimonial obligation. [3] **swift and sententious:** quick-witted and full of pithy sayings. [4] **the fool's bolt:** "Fool's bolt is soon shot."—Heywood's *Proverbes*; a bolt was a blunt-headed arrow. [5] **dulcet diseases:** Dr. Farmer says this means "the sweet uneasiness of love." [6] **seeming:** seemly.

call'd the Quip Modest. If again it was not well cut, he disabled [1] my judgement: this is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie: this is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

JAQUES.

And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCHSTONE.

I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

JAQUES.

Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCHSTONE.

O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too with an 'if.' I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'if,' as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands, and swore brothers.[2] Your 'if' is the only peace-

---

[1] dis/abled: disqualified.
[2] swore brothers: took the oath of brotherhood.

maker; much virtue in 'if.'

JAQUES.

Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

DUKE SENIOR.

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,[1] and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter* HYMEN *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes, and* CELIA. *Still music.*

HYMEN.

Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.[2]
Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen[3] from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

ROSALIND [*to* DUKE SENIOR].

To you I give myself, for I am yours.—
[*to* ORLANDO]. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUKE SENIOR.

If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORLANDO.

If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHEBE.

If sight and shape be true,
Why, then,—my love adieu!

ROSALIND [*to* DUKE SENIOR].

I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

---

[1] **stalking-horse:** a horse, or make-believe horse, behind which a sportsman concealed himself from his prey.

[2] **Atone together:** harmonize; "atone" is made up of the words "at" and "one."

[3] **Hymen:** god of marriage.

[*to* ORLANDO]. I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—
[*to* PHEBE]. Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYMEN.

Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross[1] shall part:—
[*to* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.
You and you are heart in heart:—
[*to* OLIVER *and* CELIA.
You to his love must accord, [*to* PHEBE.
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are sure[2] together,
[*to* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

*Song.*

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured:
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE SENIOR.

O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,

---

[1] cross: differences.
[2] sure: tightly bound.

Even daughter-welcome, in no less degree!

PHEBE [*to* SILVIUS].

I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.[1]

*Enter* JAQUES DE BOYS.

JAQUES DE BOYS.

Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addrest a mighty power;[2] which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question[3] with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banisht brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE SENIOR.

Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly[4] to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends[5]
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd [6] days and nights with us,

---

[1] **combine:** bind.
[2] **Addrest a mighty power:** made ready a large force.
[3] **question:** discourse.
[4] **Thou offer'st fairly:** you offer welcome and suitable gifts.
[5] **do those ends:** consummate the plans.
[6] **shrewd:** evil.

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.[1]
Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—
Play, music!—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th'measures fall.[2]

JAQUES.

Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous[3] court?

JAQUES DE BOYS.

He hath.

JAQUES.

To him will I: out of these convertites[4]
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You [*to* DUKE SENIOR] to your former h9nour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:—
You [*to* ORLANDO] to a love that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to* OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to* SILVIUS] to a long and well-deserved bed:—
And you [*to* TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.[5]—So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE SENIOR.

Stay, Jaques, stay.

---

[1] **According to the measure of their states:** commensurate with their wealth (estates). [2] **to th'measures fall:** begin to dance. [3] **pompous:** used here in its original meaning—full of pomp. [4] **convertites:** converts. [5] **two months victuall'd:** literally, supplied with enough food to last two months, meaning that Jaques gives their marriage two months to last.

JAQUES.

To see no pastime I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

DUKE SENIOR.

Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

## EPILOGUE.

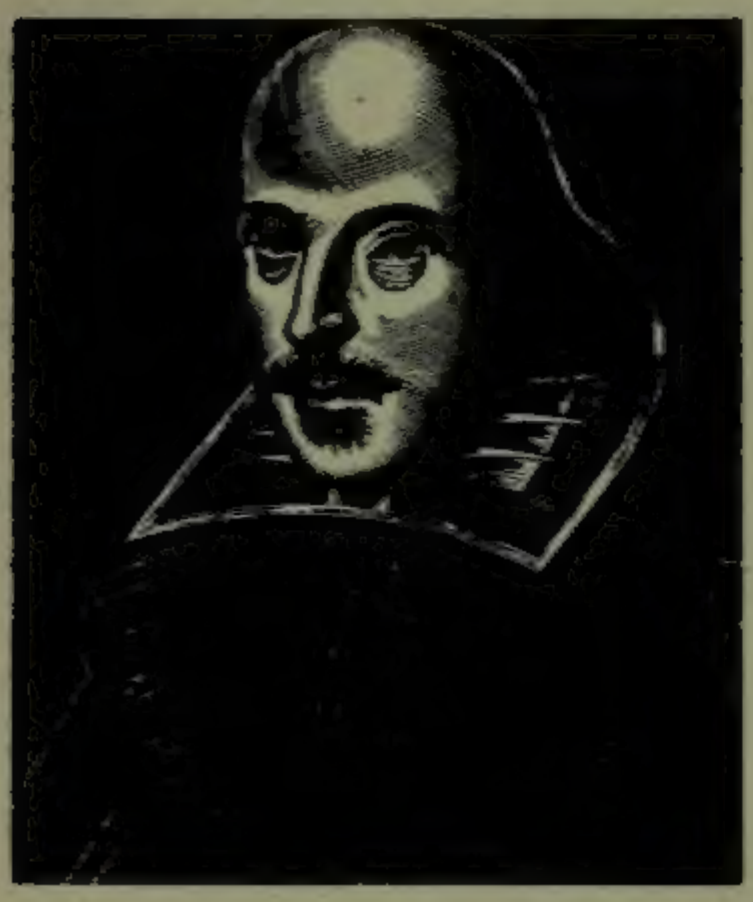
ROSALIND.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,[1] 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you[2] in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnisht[3] like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you;[4] and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them), that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman,[5] I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,[6] and breaths that I defied not:[7] and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **needs no bush:** it was the custom to hang a sprig of ivy at the door of a vintner because ivy was associated with Bacchus, god of wine. [2] **insinuate with you:** ingratiate myself with you. [3] **furnisht:** dressed. [4] **conjure you:** adjure you; charge you. [5] **If I were a woman:** before the time of Charles II, all roles on the stage were played by men. [6] **that liked me:** that I liked. [7] **that I defied not:** that were not offensive to me.

# William Shakespeare



## TO THE READER

THIS FIGURE, THAT THOU HERE SEEST PUT,
IT WAS FOR GENTLE SHAKESPEARE CUT;
WHEREIN THE GRAVER HAD A STRIFE
WITH NATURE, TO OUT-DO THE LIFE:
O, COULD HE BUT HAVE DRAWN HIS WIT
AS WELL IN BRASS, AS HE HATH HIT
HIS FACE; THE PRINT WOULD THEN SURPASS
ALL, THAT WAS EVER WRIT IN BRASS.
BUT, SINCE HE CANNOT, READER, LOOK,
NOT ON HIS PICTURE, BUT HIS BOOK.

BEN: JONSON.

The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world as of little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man and nature. Without denying man's need for Grace, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods," values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now. Man himself was seen no longer as wholly vile and depraved, incapable even of desiring goodness, but rather as Shakespeare saw him in *Hamlet*:

*"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!*
*how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how*
*express and admirable! in action how like an angel!*
*in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world!*
*the paragon of animals!"*

It was, indeed, a very stirring time to be alive in. It was a time like spring, when promise, opportunity, challenge, and growth appeared where none had been dreamed of before. Perhaps this is why there is so much poetry of springtime in the age of Shakespeare.

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